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Dr. Alexander Anderson at the age of ninety-two.



LIFE AND WORKS  
OF  
ALEXANDER ANDERSON, M.D.,  
THE  
FIRST AMERICAN WOOD ENGRAVER.

BY  
FREDERIC M. BURR, A.M.,  
*(Member of New York Historical Society.)*

*THREE PORTRAITS OF DR. ANDERSON, AND OVER THIRTY  
ENGRAVINGS BY HIMSELF.*

NEW YORK  
BURR BROTHERS  
1893.

*Only...725...copies of this work  
have been printed.*

*This copy is No..220.*

*Frederic M. Burr -*

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1893.

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From "The Looking Glass for the Mind." One of Dr. Anderson's earliest wood-cuts.

## PREFACE.

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A DISTINGUISHED author has said that illustration stands second only to printing as a means of civilization. We should therefore regard the men who place the beauties of art within the reach of the multitude as most important factors in the improvement of the world. In this work the Father of American Wood-Engraving took a prominent part, accomplishing for his native country what Bewick had already done for England.

The opportunities for studying the life and character of this interesting man have been very limited, as the only information generally accessible was

contained in a Memorial written by Benson J. Lossing, the historian, and read before the New York Historical Society in 1870. This was printed for the subscribers and had a small circulation. In addition several fugitive articles have appeared in different periodicals, and the "History of American Wood-Engraving" contains a brief account of its founder.

In preparing the present work, the author has carefully studied the existing material, and has made numerous extracts from the Diary of Dr. Anderson for the years 1795-1798. These extracts are particularly interesting as throwing a side light on the details of an uneventful but worthy and useful career.

The illustrations, nearly forty in number, have been selected as showing his progress in the art from his earliest wood-cuts for "The Looking Glass for the Mind" to his own portrait, engraved in his best style in his eighty-first year.

Thanks are due to the many kind friends who have given their advice and assistance, and the author gladly takes this opportunity of acknowledging his special obligation to the following gentlemen: To Mr. George H. Baker, Librarian of Columbia College, for the unrestricted use of Dr. An-

derson's Diary, now preserved in manuscript in the Phoenix Collection; to Mr. William Kelby, Librarian of the New York Historical Society, for much valuable information, and to Mr. W. W. Pasko of "The Typothetæ."

F. M. B.

NEW YORK, March, 1893.



From "The Looking Glass for the Mind." One of Dr. Anderson's earliest wood-cuts.

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*With the exception of the Frontispiece, the half-tone picture of the engraving tools on page 71, and the portrait on page 81, the illustrations in this volume were all engraved by Dr. Anderson.*

LIFE AND WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER ANDERSON, M.D.



LIFE AND WORKS  
OF  
ALEXANDER ANDERSON, M.D.

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CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

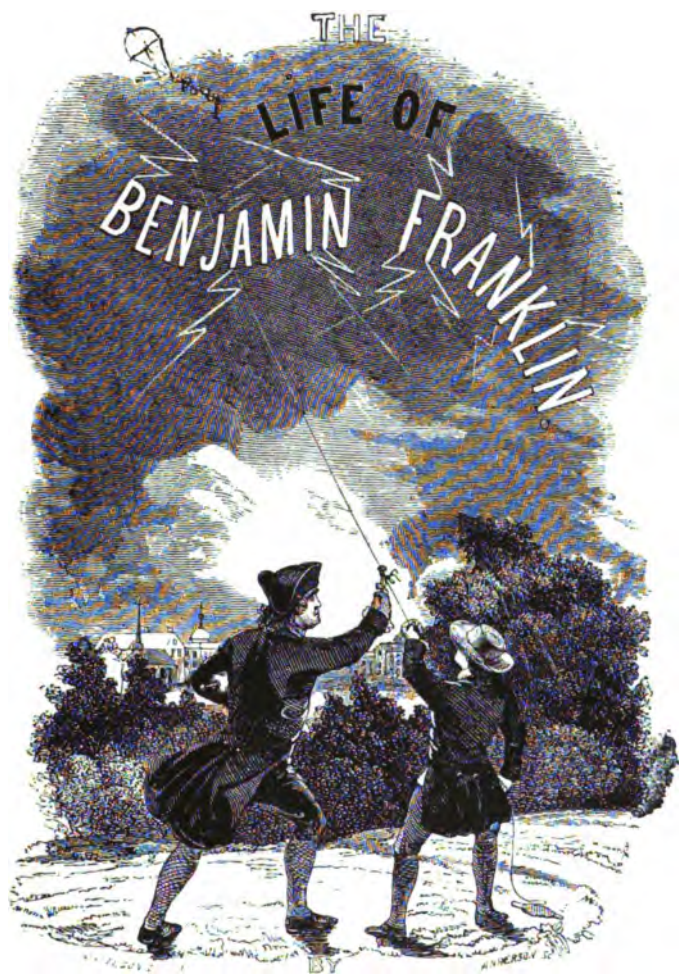
ALEXANDER ANDERSON was born in New York, April 21st, 1775, in an humble abode near Beekman's Slip. His father, a Scotchman, was thoroughly imbued with republican principles, which he expressed so boldly in a paper published by himself, entitled "The Constitutional Gazette," that he soon became famous as "John Anderson, the rebel printer." His fearless utterances were highly obnoxious to the reigning power, and, as the strife grew more bitter, he decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and made preparations for flight.

He succeeded in reaching Fort Washington (now Washington Heights), with all his household

possessions; but there his wagons and the greater part of his effects were confiscated for the public service by the American forces. . At last, after many trials, he reached Greenwich, Conn., and just in time, for his slender store, in the paper money that was even then rapidly depreciating, was almost exhausted. His family found a refuge with kind friends, while he made himself useful as captain of the "alarm list" on the debatable ground. After the war he returned to New York, and finally settled down to the business of an auctioneer.

Young Alexander at a very early age showed a fondness for that art to which he was destined to devote his life. During the long winter evenings he would draw his stool close to the crackling logs upon the wide hearth, and gaze with mingled feelings of curiosity and disgust upon the roughly executed Dutch tiles that surrounded the fireplace. He felt instinctively that they were badly drawn, and as he studied the uncouth forms half revealed by the flickering light, the correct principles of design began slowly to dawn upon him.

Sometimes his mother, to help while away the time, would draw faces and flowers, using indigo dissolved in water in lieu of ink. A few type-metal ornaments saved from the printing office helped



From "The Life of Benjamin Franklin," engraved by Dr. Anderson for  
Messrs. Cooledge & Brother, about 1848.





still further to stimulate his natural bent. In speaking of that period, in after life, he said to a friend: "I recollect being allowed an occasional peep at a considerable pile of prints, such as were issued from the London shops, among which were Hogarth's illustrations of the careers of the *Idle* and *Industrious Apprentices*, which made a strong impression upon my mind. These prints determined my destiny." We can imagine the eager boy bending over these masterpieces, and following out each line and curve, with the close attention of the true artist.

He was not content, however, with merely studying the pictures to which he had access, but often amused himself by copying them, employing for that purpose a brush and India ink, and faithfully reproducing every line. He was ignorant of the means employed in making the engravings, and it was only through the kindness of a schoolmate, who had seen a description of it in Chambers's *Cyclopedia*, that he learned the process of production. He immediately carried some large copper pennies to a silversmith, and had them rolled into thin plates, upon which he made his first engravings, using as a graver the back-spring of a pocket-knife ground to a sharp point. He was then only

twelve years of age, but already showed that serious disposition and earnest application to work for which he was afterward noted. At school he was a diligent student, and attained to some proficiency in the study of Greek and Latin.

He was so anxious to see the effect of his first plate, a head of Paul Jones, that he constructed a rude roller-press in the garret of his father's house, and secured an impression in red oil paint.

What a trying moment it must have been for the young enthusiast! With trembling hand he carefully fills the lines of the plate with oil paint (the only material he can obtain); then lays the paper, slightly dampened, upon it, and, last of all, applies the cumbrous roller. Will the experiment succeed? It must succeed, for he feels that his whole future depends upon it. He removes the roller, raises the paper, and sees with rapture his first print.

He afterward hired a blacksmith to make him better tools, and with these cut a number of small pictures of houses and ships on type-metal, which he disposed of in the newspaper offices. The pay was small, but as only one other person was engaged in the same work in New York, he began to feel "of some consequence."

## CHAPTER II.

### EARLY MEDICAL STUDIES.

HIS father, having observed that he took great pleasure in studying and copying the illustrations of some medical works, determined to educate him for the profession of medicine, as he had no confidence in the success of his artistic aspirations. Alexander left his workshop under the eaves soon after his fourteenth birthday, and entered as a student the office of Dr. Joseph Young, who had been a surgeon in the Continental army, and was a brother-in-law of General Schuyler.

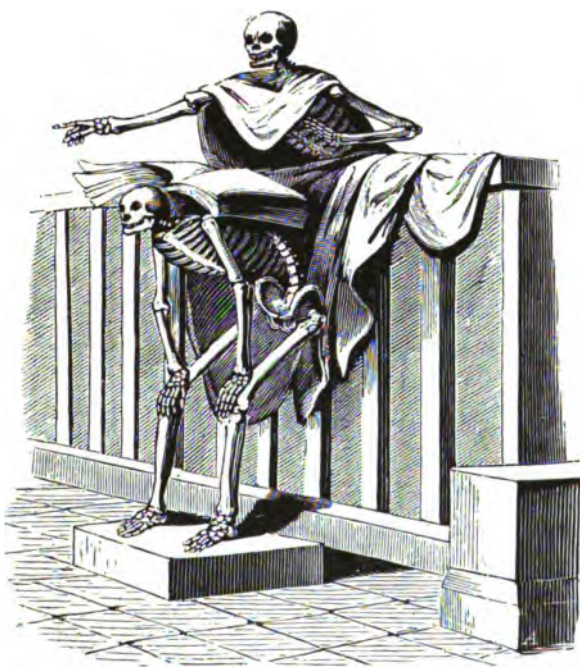
The young engraver had taken this step with great reluctance at his father's command ; but he found Dr. Young so uniformly kind and pleasant that he soon ceased to repine at the change, and applied himself diligently to his work. For the next five years both mind and body were busily employed. At that period medical men combined the duties of their profession with the occupations of the apothecary, and the young student was frequently called upon to add the labors of a porter to

those of a clerk, delivering the medicines he had already compounded.

Notwithstanding his many cares, he did not entirely abandon his favorite pursuit, and in the intervals of study diligently plied his graver, becoming so proficient in cutting initial letters that he was frequently employed for that purpose by other engravers before he was eighteen years old. In order to take advantage of every spare moment, he was accustomed to carry his tools in his pocket, together with any block upon which he happened to be engaged. This practice was continued until he fell downstairs one day, and was severely injured by the sharp point of the graver. The recompense for his art labors was small, but it was sufficient to keep him decently clothed and to pay for several courses of medical lectures.

During this period he used his pen as well as his pencil, and in 1793 his first composition in print appeared, being "An Authentic, Surprising, and Wonderful Account of the Unaccountable Old Man in the Highlands of Harlem Flats." He speaks slightly of this performance, and it is probable it was a very crude effort.

It was about this same time that he seems to have felt the first stirrings of the "divine passion." One



"Death's Pulpit," drawn and engraved by Dr. Anderson,  
after a print by Van Veen.



day when he was walking on the Battery with his brother and cousin he espied a beautiful young woman, a Miss Hall, strolling along the crowded walks in company with an acquaintance, whom he speaks of as Borrowe, a sail-maker. Her pleasing features and graceful manners made a strong impression on his susceptible heart—always responsive to female charms; and he made the following entry in his diary for that date: "I was irresistibly attracted toward her—irresistibly do I say? I laughed at myself and began to think I must put an end to these feelings and not endeavor to persuade myself I was in love. Implored divine protection and guidance." He appears to have been successful in his efforts, for we hear no more of the charming Miss Hall.

In the midst of his numerous avocations he found time for long strolls in the country with his brother, a young law student; and he speaks of shooting snipe at Corlear's Hook, now the foot of Grand Street and East River. Amiable and generous in his disposition, he devoted much of his leisure to attending the poor and giving medical assistance to his friends. Essentially gregarious in his character, and requiring congenial companionship to develop his faculties to the utmost, he also possessed an

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eager and active mind, and his reading extended over a wide range of subjects, including, among others, Medicine, Surgery, Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Natural History, Theology, Biography, History, Travels, General Sciences, Belles-lettres, Mechanics, and Fiction. He was exceedingly fond of music, and played daily on the violin, in which accomplishment he seems to have had considerable skill.

Although barely eighteen he was serious and earnest in his manner, and even his amusements were not of a frivolous character. Deeply attached to a truly religious mother, who had early imbued him with a love for everything that was good and pure, he set himself a standard at the very outset of his career from which he never deviated.

His filial devotion is shown by numerous entries in his diary, and it was evidently a heartfelt pleasure for him to accompany his mother in her walks and drives or in visits to friends. He gives an amusing account, under date of June 25th, 1794, of his first experience of the new delicacy, ice-cream, which is said to have been made for the first time in New York by a Frenchman during this very year. He speaks of it as follows: "I proposed to mamma to walk to Corr  s (*at 21 State Street*) to take a glass



of ice-cream by way of experiment. She assented, and I saw the pleasure this mark of attention gave her. We each took a glass (1s. each), and found it a very delicious refreshment for warm weather. While we were there some French officers came capering in upon the same errand. Mamma was much diverted at hearing one of them exclaim that it was 'good for Hell.' Corr  s place was called the 'ice-house.' "

In 1794, when he was nineteen, he designed and engraved a commencement ticket for Columbia College, and from this time on was regularly employed both with his pencil and graver. That he did not neglect his medical studies, however, for the more fascinating work of engraving, is sufficiently shown by the fact that Dr. Young offered to make him a partner immediately after he obtained his license, in 1795, although he had only just passed his twentieth birthday.

The formalities attending the granting of this license are described by Anderson in his diary for April, 1795:

"April 8th. I called upon the Mayor and expressed my wish to undergo an examination for the practice of Physic.—He directed me to apply to Judge Benson—I found him out.

"9. I called upon Judge Benson who referred me to Judge Yates. Saw Judge Yates, who promised to appoint an Examination.

"13. I called upon Judge Yates.—He appointed for my Examiners Dr. Bard, Dr. Rogers, Dr. Treat or in his place Dr. Smith. I set off immediately in the rain to notify them. Dr. Bard dissuaded me from it, and objected to my youth.—This damped my spirits—but I was determined to go through with the business. Dr. Rogers gave me a more favorable reception.—Dr. Smith thought it would be improper for him to attend.—I therefore call'd upon Dr. Treat in the evening—he excus'd himself. I bespoke a room at Simmons's Tavern.

"14. At 4, went with a palpitating heart to Simmons's.—The Physicians arrived, but as the Court was sitting no magistrate could attend except Judge Yates.—Some doubts arose respecting the law.—The Judge went to the Mayors and discovering that the presence of 2 magistrates, at least, was indispensable—postpon'd the Examination 'till to-morrow afternoon. The agitation of my mind brought on a degree of fever which continued the remainder of the day.

"15. Arrived at Simmons's a few minutes after 4. Underwent an Examination of an hour's length



"Holy Family." drawn and engraved by Dr. Anderson.



by Drs. Bard, Rogers & Nicoll.—After this I was desired to withdraw.

“16. Called at Simmons’s & paid the expenses of yesterday afternoon 20s.—From that I went to the Judge’s lodging but he was out.—I met him afterwards in the street & was informed that the Physicians had given a favorable report & the only objection to giving me a License was my non-age; the matter would be decided next week.

“21. This day completes my 20th year—I have £20 laid up—besides debts standing out—

“28. I called upon Judge Yates, who informed me that I might make out my Patent.—I went to Mr. Hertell’s & got the form of it—from that to a Parchment maker & got a skin.—After dinner I finished it in German text.

“29. I got Judge Yate’s hand and seal to my Certificate & afterwards left it with the Attorney General.

“30. Called upon Mr. Lawrence, who promised to leave my license at my abode.”

## CHAPTER III.

### FIRST ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

ANDERSON declined the friendly proposition of Dr. Young, being unwilling to bind himself to the profession. He continued to practise, however, and his time was fully occupied. While visiting his patients and giving them the best of care, he still found leisure to engrave, making illustrations both on copper and type-metal for all the principal publishers in New York.

In 1792 he had been employed, in company with C. Tiebout, Tisdale, Rollinson, J. Allen, A. Doolittle of New Haven, and B. Tanner, to engrave on copper the illustrations for an edition of Maynard's Josephus, the most important illustrated work that had yet been published in New York. Anderson was the youngest of these engravers, being at that time only seventeen.

He appears to have used wood for the first time in 1793, when he cut a tobacco stamp on that material. Shortly after he was engaged by S. Camp-

bell, a New York bookseller, to engrave one hundred geometrical figures on wood, for each of which he was to receive fifty cents. Campbell furnished the wood, which was obtained from a maker of carpenters' tools, at the cost of four cents a block. He found that box-wood was very expensive, and attempted to use the wood of the pear-tree in its place; but soon perceived it was not suited for fine work, and returned to the better if more expensive medium.

More than a year elapsed before he ventured to use the new material for his more important engravings. He tells us in his diary how often he was discouraged by finding cracks in the box-wood, but he persevered, seeing how much better adapted it was to the purpose than type-metal; and finally, in September, 1794, he decided to engrave a number of cuts on wood for an edition of "The Looking Glass for the Mind," which was being published by William Durell. He had commenced the series on type-metal, but was not satisfied with the results, and it was not long after his successful experiment with wood before he entirely abandoned the use of the former material.

Such was the beginning of wood-engraving in this country. A poor medical student, with rude

tools, manufactured by an ordinary blacksmith, sustained only by his native genius, and but scantily remunerated, laid, in the face of the greatest difficulties, the foundations of the art that now occupies so prominent a position in the amusement and instruction of millions.

In February of 1795, Anderson began a series of illustrations for "Webster's Spelling Book," which Bunce & Co. were on the point of issuing. Of this work, it is said by Mr. Lossing, over 50,000,000 copies have been sold containing the original illustrations. Later in this same year Anderson seems to have had his first view of Bewick's illustrations, and he speaks of buying, on August 21st, "a History of Quadrupeds, with elegant wooden cuts for 28s."

He was fond of scribbling poetry as a relaxation, generally putting it in the form of a satirical or gossipy letter to some friend. An example of his style is found in his diary for 1795, and is descriptive of a journey to Rockaway, which had not yet acquired its present popularity, and was consequently reasonable in its charges, his expenses for two days and a half being two dollars and a quarter. The letter was addressed to his mother, and ran as follows:







“ROCKAWAY, July 9th.

My dear mamma, and so forth, you  
No doubt expect as others do  
From absent folks, a line or two  
Of their affairs and circumstances,  
Health, situation and Finances.  
Of what adventures on the way,  
And how contrive to spend the day.  
Of these I'll give a trite detail  
If Recollection does not fail. —  
My dinner cook'd and eat in haste,  
By one o'clock the ferry pass'd,  
Behold me at Aunt Carpenter's—  
Must eat to dissipate her fears.  
At two the wagon hastens on.  
I sit as grand as Gilpin John,  
In sole possession of the Vehicle  
Except a lad the steeds to tickle.  
At fam'd Jamaica we arrive  
Somewhat about the hour of five.  
The horses and myself half famished  
Were now at Public house replenished.  
Our course resum'd, the carriage roves  
O'er smoother roads, thro' shady groves,  
And e'er the Sun had dipp'd his head  
Quite sciss-ing hot in 's wat'ry bed  
That just before the close of day  
We find ourselves at Rockaway.  
We stop at Vanderbilt's, and there  
Methinks I snuff a purer air.  
Enquiries made of this and that,  
And how and where, and who and what,  
The time declar'd of my sojourning  
And eke the day of my returning.  
An early bed I sought, and there

In Lethe's stream forgot all care.  
 And now another morn appears.  
 I rise betimes and rub my ears—  
 My eyes I mean—and straight off-hand  
 I bend my course toward the strand.  
 With vast surprise Old Ocean saw  
 Obedient to his Maker's law :  
 (A lesson this to you and me,  
 We've Laws to 'bey as well as he).  
 But Sea-ships and such things I tell ye  
 Can never fill a hungry belly.  
 Well—hunger does my steps recall  
 —But why do I your patience maul—  
 Now mental food is requisite  
 As well as corporal, is n't it ?  
 To overhaul the Library  
 Permission had, I there espy  
 'The Heidelbergian Catechism'  
 'A Book of Hymns t'excite Devotion'—  
 And lastly 'Scott on Elocution'—  
 A violin procur'd, I play  
 As well as Orpheus, any day—  
 For proof—the Negroes near me lurk  
 And listen when they ought to work.  
 But stop ! my muse, and quit your caper,  
 I fear you will run off the paper  
     Your Son affectionate ('till Death  
     Shall knock us down and stop our breath)  
     Has scratch'd these lines, and when he's done  
     Subscribes himself

A. ANDERSON.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE EPIDEMIC OF 1795.

IN 1795 the yellow-fever broke out in New York, and the young doctor performed his work as a man and a physician nobly. He gave up his engraving, and took his place as house surgeon at Bellevue Hospital, on a salary of four dollars a day.

He thus speaks of his first day in his new position :  
“ Aug. 24. Behold me in a new station and my mind in a state of confusion and perplexity. At 10 O'clock I call'd on Dr. Smith and after sitting near 2 hours, stepp'd into the Chair with him and away we posted to Bellevue.—After instructing me in my duty and introducing me to the family and patients, he shook me affectionately by the hand and departed. There are 6 patients. The Family consists of Mr. Fisher, the steward, and his wife, Old Daddy, the gardener—an old negro, a black nurse and two white ones. I spent the afternoon in putting up medicines and arranging matters.”

At one time there were as many as forty patients

under his care, and his diary is full of anxious thoughts and hopes for their recovery. Although less than twenty-one years old at that time, he shows a realizing sense of the gravity of his position, and seems to have inspired confidence in all who came in contact with him. In the midst of arduous labors he found time to write stray articles for the magazines, among others an "Essay on Walking," which he believed would cure many disorders. In the evenings he would take his violin and play old Scotch tunes by the hour.

He gave so much satisfaction at Bellevue, where he remained nearly three months, that on retiring from that institution in the autumn, he was offered a place as physician to the New York Dispensary, at a salary of a thousand dollars. He declined the proffered honor, and returned to his old avocations.

His sensitive spirit shuddered at the dreadful responsibility resting upon the physician, and he was constantly thinking of the uncertainty attending every case. Urged by his parents, he continued to practise for some years, but it was always with reluctance, and he gladly seized the first opportunity to abandon an occupation repugnant to his feelings. He speaks of this feeling in his diary for October 1795 :



From "The Life of Benjamin Franklin," engraved by Dr. Anderson for  
Messrs. Cooledge & Brother, about 1848.





“Sunday about 9 I went to town, found our people sitting round the fire, ready for church. I received a sort of rebuke for refusing to offer myself as candidate for the office of physician to the Dispensary. My brother was not behind hand in enforcing arguments. The letter I received from my mother was in the same style. I may have acted imprudently in refusing it, when proposed by Dr. Smith, but my feelings are entirely discordant with such an employment; besides, the engravings which I have undertaken, and my unwillingness to disappoint my employers had great weight with me. My present employment is much against the grain—a sense of duty and acquiescence in the will of God are the chief motives which detain me here.”

In 1796 Anderson took the degree of Medical Doctor at Columbia College, choosing “Chronic Mania” as the subject of his graduating thesis. The doctrine contained in that essay, and then first promulgated in due form, has since been accepted as substantially correct. He gives the following account in his diary of the examination and its attendant ceremonies :

“March 14, 1796. At three I repair’d to the College and remained in Saltonstall’s room ’till the Pro-

fessors sent word that they were ready to examine me. They were Drs. Mitchill, Rogers, Hamersley & Hosack. I enter'd the room with rather more courage than I expected I should be able to muster, and was plied with questions for an hour and a half—being then desir'd to withdraw I returned to Saltonstall who was quivering for his fate to-morrow.—Dr. Mitchill afterwards informed me that I had given satisfaction, but desired me as a matter of form to call on Dr. Bard tomorrow.—

“April 12. I called at Dr. Hamersley's and got one of the Histories of Diseases in order to comment upon it; this being the next step in the graduation business.

“20. According to custom I presented the fee, £10, to the Dean.

“May 3. I dress'd myself in black, and awaited with some dread the time for the Examination. . . . At 10 I went to the College and staid with my companion in affliction 'till 11. The Professors, Trustees &c. began to assemble and among the rest, the Governor. We entered the hall and seated ourselves at a table opposite the Medical Professors. Dr. Hosack began first with me, and after puzzling me a little, ended with an encomium. Dr. Rogers next asked several questions for which I

was better prepared.—After Saltonstall had been examin'd on his Thesis by Mitchill and Hamersley, we were desired to withdraw.—At our return the oath was read which we severally repeated and subscribed. The business was begun and concluded with prayer. The Diplomas were handed to us to procure the signatures of the Professors.

“May 4. I went to the College this morning where the students, &c., were collecting. About 10 the procession was formed. Saltonstall and I joined it, and marched to St. Paul's with a band of music. We were seated near the stage and attended the orations of the students. At 3 P. M., the church was again opened. When the time arriv'd for conferring the degrees, my panic increased, but I ascended the stage and went through with the ceremony with less confusion than I expected. Here I was dubbed M. D.

“‘*Hic finis laborum*’ I should have said, had I not taken a peep into futurity.

“Saltonstall called upon me and we went to the Tontine Coffee house at eight o'clock in the evening to partake of the Commencement Supper. A number of toasts were given, and I was at my wit's end to evade drinking to them. I threw the greatest

part of my wine over my shoulder or under the table, and by that means contrived to drink but a small quantity. The company became noisy and merry."



## CHAPTER V.

### HIS MARRIAGE AND EARLY SORROW.

AFTER a short trip to Baltimore, of which he gives an amusing account in his diary,\* he hired a room at 31 Liberty Street, and began the diligent practice of his profession, laying aside the tools of the engraver for those of the surgeon. His heart yearned for his old work, and we find him frequently engraving an ornament for a friend or altering a picture for the publishers. In his diary for July, 1797, we read the following entry :

“July 18th. The thoughts of Engraving have occupied my mind to day ; I could not help looking back to the pleasures of that art, like the Israelites to the flesh-pots of Egypt.—I had even resolv'd to indulge myself now and then in engraving on wood, and cut several patterns for tools which I propos'd to have made, but the dread of being ‘unstable as water’ deterred me, and I laid by the patterns.”

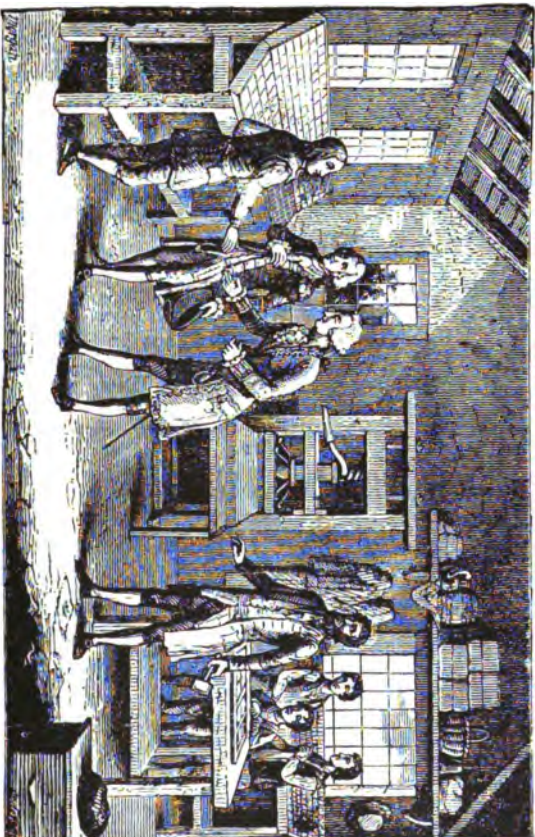
He was very domestic in his character, and in

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\* See Appendix B, under date of May 13th, 1796.

1797 determined to have a home of his own. During the course of his professional duties he had become acquainted with a most charming young lady, Ann Van Vleck, of an estimable Moravian family. For a long time bashfulness kept him silent, but finally he mustered courage to ask the momentous question. The answer is best given in the young lover's own words. "I ventured to express my sentiments to Miss N., and at parting presented her with a ring, and had the felicity to perceive that it was favorably received. The conduct of this amiable person towards me with 'all my imperfections upon my head' deserves my *gratitude* as well as *Love* while God grants me life. No romantic notions—the result of mature deliberation." This eulogy was well deserved, for the "amiable person" made an excellent wife.

Shortly after his marriage, which occurred on April 16th, 1797, Dr. Anderson removed to 45 Beekman Street, and began housekeeping in a very modest way. Although the rent of his new home was only \$650 a year, he soon found that his income was inadequate to meet the increased demands. He therefore decided, after serious consideration, to undertake the business of a publisher, issuing small illustrated books. He hired a small room for a



From "The Life of Benjamin Franklin," engraved by Dr. Anderson for Messrs. Coolidge & Brother.





store in Fair Street (now Fulton), and employed a boy as a clerk at a salary of two shillings a day. The experiment was a failure. After printing several books, which remained on his hands, he dismissed his youthful assistant, and sold at auction the stock that had accumulated—some seven thousand volumes. The venture had cost him about \$150, and he realized only a trifle from the auction.

The young doctor now found himself sorely pressed for money, and was obliged to retrench in every possible way. The approach of each quarter day caused him the most painful anxiety, and he gives explicit details in his diary of his efforts to obtain the needed supplies. He even sent his electrical machine, on which he had been laboring many months, to his father's auction rooms. Feeling the need of a greater reduction in their expenditures, he finally decided to remove to a cheaper house, in Liberty Street, effecting by this means a saving of \$200 in rent.

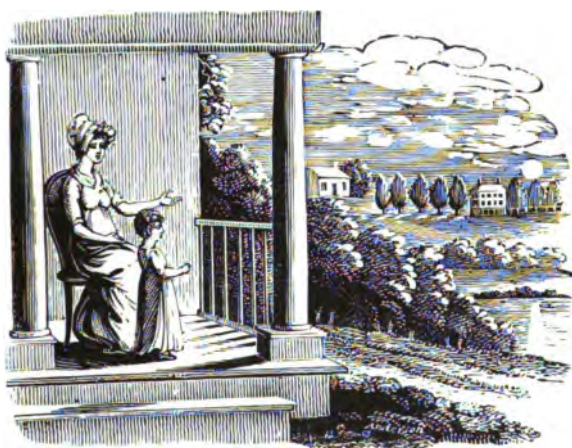
About this time, early in 1798, he drew and engraved on wood a full-length human skeleton, which he enlarged from Albinus' Anatomy. It was nearly three feet in length, and would be considered a creditable piece of work even in the present advanced state of the art. He obtained several proofs

on a rude lever press of his own manufacture, but the planks soon cracked and became worthless.

The yellow-fever broke out with renewed violence in 1798, and during the summer and autumn destroyed nearly every member of Anderson's family. His infant son, who had been born on the 5th of April, died on July 3d. This was a terrible blow to his sensitive spirit; but relentless Fate had still worse in store for him.

In August he solicited and obtained the position of resident physician at Bellevue Hospital. He there made every preparation for fighting the dread pestilence, but had hardly settled to his duties when he was summoned to attend his brother, who had been suddenly stricken. In three days this beloved relative had passed away, and Anderson, having placed the remains in the coffin with his own hands, returned to the hospital. Two days later his father was taken violently ill, and he resolved to give up his position, so as to devote his entire time to the care of one to whom he was so deeply attached. The disease made rapid progress, and in two days, on September 12th, his father had breathed his last.

When the grief-stricken son had performed the last offices, he hastened to visit his young





wife, whose health had been in a precarious state since the death of their infant child. She had removed to Bushwick, Long Island, in hopes that the purer air would revive her failing strength. This hope was illusory ; the pestilence found an easy victim in her enfeebled frame. The agonized husband records in his diary on September 12th, that he experienced a terrible shock—"The sight of my wife ghastly and emaciated, constantly coughing and spitting struck me with horror." The next day he was informed of her death. That very evening her remains were consigned to the earth, her father, mother, younger sister, and himself being the only mourners. He writes in his diary of his surprise at his own composure under such afflictions, and says, "I am rather disposed to impute it to despair than resignation."

He now persuaded his mother to leave her desolate home and reside with him. In the intervals of his many cares (he had been appointed one of the physicians to the poor) he strove in every way to relieve the anguish of her spirit, even while he was suffering so intensely himself. His care was of short duration, however. On September 21st, only nine days after the death of his wife, his affectionate mother, the friend and counsellor of his youth

and manhood, was also taken from him. When the day was over he made the following simple and pathetic entry in his diary : "September 21st. My Mother died at 10 this morning. 'I never shall look upon her like again.'"

After this last blow he resigned his place as physician to the poor, saying that the hurry and anxiety at such a time were more than he could bear.

Three days later, on September 24th, his mother-in-law, Mrs. Van Vleck, who seems to have been a very amiable and estimable person, was seized by the common enemy, and died in a few hours.

In less than three weeks his sister-in-law, Polly, a cheerful and interesting companion, who had earnestly striven to lighten his burden of sorrow, began to show the first symptoms of the disease. With a naturally strong constitution, she struggled bravely against it, but finally succumbed, and expired on October 12th.

The young doctor, ever kind and considerate of the feelings of others, now passed much of his time in his father-in-law's family, seeking to relieve the pain so akin to his own.

Toward the end of the month he made a brief visit in Stamford to see his aunt and grandmother, and on his return announced his intention of aban-

doing the practice of medicine, which had become highly distasteful to him. In this resolution he was sustained by several of his friends, who approved his plan of devoting himself exclusively to engraving.



## CHAPTER VI.

### ESTABLISHED AS AN ENGRAVER.

DEPRIVED of the agreeable companionship to which he had been accustomed, he was restless and unhappy; and after a slight attack of the epidemic, from which he quickly recovered, he resolved to pay a visit to the West Indies. He accordingly set sail in the following March, and spent several months with his uncle, Dr. Alexander Anderson, who was king's botanist in the island of St. Vincent.

The peaceful beauty of nature was as balm to his troubled feelings, and during his long rambles he acquired a great fondness for plants and flowers, of which the tropics are so prodigal. This taste remained with him through life, and on his return to New York he was a frequent visitor at the Elgin Botanical Garden, established in the early part of this century by Dr. David Hosack. The garden covered twenty acres, extending westward from the present line of Fifth Avenue, and along that avenue



from Forty-seventh to Fifty-first Street. This tract was afterward given by the legislature, which had purchased it from Dr. Hosack, to Columbia College, in whose possession it still remains.

Anderson's uncle offered him a lucrative position, but he declined it, having resolved to devote himself entirely to engraving. He was in poor health and extremely melancholy—so much so, that for weeks together he would shun all society; then, rushing to the opposite extreme, would enter into all kinds of dissipation. The balance wheel of his life was broken. He found a new one in his second wife, a sister of her whom he had lost. She gave him what he so much needed—a settled home and a fixed purpose. His was one of those natures that must have congenial companionship to appear at its best. This he now had, and he entered with spirit into his work. The only break in the daily routine was an occasional stroll in the country, in search of plants and flowers, or some subject for his pencil.

It was during this period of elation, following the previous depression, that he poured out his feelings in the quaint verses given on the next page, arranging them for his favorite tune, "Whistle o'er the lave o't":

## “A NEW ‘WHISTLE O’ER THE LAVE O’T.’”

“ We should na fret oursel’s to stane,  
Like Niobe, wha’s dead an’ gane,  
Nor blear our een out a’ our lane,  
But whistle o’er the lave o’t.

“ Gie me a man wha’s een can blink,  
Wha’s heart is free, wha’s soul can think ;  
Wha’s Clishma-Clarar care can sink,  
And whistle o’er the lave o’t.

“ Let Beauty’s smiles illume the way,  
The murky glen through which we stray ;  
Thus may we live our little day,  
And whistle o’er the lave o’t.

“ When fortune shows a scowlin’ brow,  
And lays our fairest prospects low ;  
As pleasures fade, let reason grow,  
Then whistle o’er the lave o’t.

“ But when she glints with face serene  
And decks the warl’ in gayest sheen,  
We’ll aye distrust the fickle quean,  
And whistle o’er the lave o’t.

“ And when auld Death wi’ ruthless paw  
Shall clapper claw us, ane and a’,  
We maun submit to Nature’s law,  
And whistle o’er the lave o’t.”

THE AUTHOR.



Attention! youth and children all,  
The author takes his chair,  
Resolved, for scholars great and small  
A PRIMER to prepare.

He surely is a learned chap,  
He shows it in his looks,  
His slippers, study-gown, and cap,  
His table, and his books.

Our New Pictorial must claim,  
A first-rate book to be;  
And surely none will doubt the same,  
When they the author see.



About this time Anderson became intimate with John Roberts, whose acquaintance he had first made in October, 1796. He had come from Scotland in 1793, and soon attracted attention by his genius and eccentric habits. Skilled in many branches of knowledge—in painting, engraving, mechanics, music, and mathematics—he lacked stability of character, and his irregular habits were very displeasing to a serious mind. Anderson, who had sought employment with him for the sake of studying the most improved methods of engraving, soon dropped his acquaintance, having in the mean time, however, learned much that was new and important.

Orders for engraving thronged upon him, and in 1800 he prepared the wood-cuts for an edition of "The Looking Glass for the Mind," published by David Longworth, who refers to the illustrations in the following words: "Our native American genius and artist, Dr. Alexander Anderson, executed the cuts for this edition *all on wood*;" and "if they do not equal Mr. Bewick's, whose productions in that line have justly gained him so great a reputation, and are mentioned by the reviewers in England with an applause so highly merited, yet, when the numerous opportunities there afforded to the man

of genius for improvement, and for the want of which he languishes here, are considered, it must be admitted that Dr. Anderson's merit falls little short of Mr. Bewick's excellence." The same publisher employed him in 1802 to redraw and engrave three hundred of Bewick's illustrations in the "Quadrupeds," which Anderson said was "a laborious undertaking and poorly paid." He also executed for Longworth, both on wood and copper, the engravings for the early editions of Irving and Paulding's "Salmagundi."

The doctor was an intimate friend of Washington Irving, whom he often met in the various publishing houses, and whose instructor he was in the art of playing the clarionet. Mr. Irving always spoke of him in the pleasantest manner, and described him as being "handsome, artless, and full of good humor, and as gentle as a woman."

Anderson engraved a number of pictures for the excellent set of small books issued by the Quaker publisher, Samuel Wood, and for many years the publications of the American Tract Society were illustrated with wood-cuts designed and engraved by him. His last important engraving on copper was made about the year 1812, and represented the Last Supper, after the original by Holbein. It was

six inches by eight, and was considered a magnificent specimen of the graphic art. Although an excellent engraver on copper, he much preferred wood, and from this time on confined himself almost exclusively to that material. Some of his wood-engravings were of considerable size, a series engraved in 1818 to illustrate the four seasons being nine and a half inches wide by twelve and a half long.

"The fleshless monarch of the hour-glass and scythe" had a great fascination for him, and he would often recur to subjects of that character. In 1800 he made fifty-two cuts for "Emblems of Mortality," issued by John Babcock, a publisher in Hartford. They were reproduced from the English edition illustrated by Thomas and John Bewick, which appeared in 1789, and were in the style of Holbein's famous "Dance of Death." A copy of this rare book is in the possession of Charles C. Moreau, Esq., who has a large collection of Anderson's works, and has kindly given the author of this volume an opportunity of examining them.

## CHAPTER VII.

### CLOSING YEARS OF HIS LIFE.

ALL Dr. Anderson's pictures exhibit the same careful execution, and show plainly that he was an artist as well as an engraver. Nothing is overlooked or slighted, even the smallest detail being worked up conscientiously. He was a close student of Bewick, and engraved in his style ; for with the eye of genius he saw that it was the true method. Like his English prototype, he was a lover of nature, and would spend his rare holidays in wandering through the fields ; stopping here to gather some shy wild flower coyly hidden in the grass ; now gazing with wrapt and loving attention upon a sweet-voiced songster, from whose feathered throat welled a stream of liquid melody ; and anon pausing to rest under a wide-branching tree, where, free from all interruption, he could sketch the beauties around.

He also made a close study of New York architecture, and engraved for the "Mirror" (now the "Home Journal"), published by George P. Morris, a







series of carefully executed wood-cuts of the old Dutch buildings that were still standing in the early part of the century. His work was in demand not only at home but abroad, and for many years he furnished religious pictures to Spanish printers in Mexico, South America, and the West Indies. When the party strife engendered by the War of 1812 was at its height, he cut a number of caricatures, those dealing with the subject of the embargo being especially good. They were designed by John Wesley Jarvis, and were suggested by a satirical poem written by William Cullen Bryant, then only thirteen years old.

Dr. Anderson was taken by the military draft, notwithstanding his professional title, and was compelled to bear arms as a soldier; but for a short time only, as he was fortunate enough to secure a substitute. On his return to the city he was employed by the authorities to engrave the plates for the small paper money issued during the winter of 1814-15. At this time and, in fact, until eleven years later, he had only two or three competitors in wood-engraving in this country, and, as a consequence, made a comfortable living for himself and family.

Mr. Lossing, the historian and engraver, says that

when he began his work in New York there were not more than twenty professional wood-engravers in the United States, and that when the father of American engraving died there were over four hundred.

Dr. Anderson was excessively modest, and always deprecated any direct mention or praise of himself. The following incident well illustrates this characteristic: His portrait was needed for a projected history of wood-engraving that was to be published in the "Art Union Bulletin," a publication similar to the "London Art Journal." When approached on the subject by an intimate friend, he returned the answer that he had always given to his family: "What do others care for a picture of my old face?" He finally consented, however, after much urging, to sit for his likeness to Plumbe (on the corner of Broadway and Murray Street), who had met with considerable success in the new art of daguerreotyping. The portrait was taken in duplicate, as the modern system by which photographs can be produced in unlimited quantities was then unknown. The history was never published; but a year or so afterward the daguerreotype was carefully copied on wood, and the doctor was requested to engrave it for publication in the "London Art

Journal." He was horrified, and at first positively refused to do anything that would be so grossly egotistical. His objections were overcome, and the picture, which is cut in his best style, appeared in the "Journal" for September, 1858. He was then in his eighty-fourth year, and those who knew him say that he had retained extraordinary vigor both of body and mind.

For nearly ten years longer he was regularly employed in engraving, and at the age of ninety-three cut a series of pictures for Barber's "Historical Collections of New Jersey." This was the last work he did for a publisher.

In 1868 he moved to Jersey City, and took up his residence with his son-in-law, Dr. Edwin Lewis, at 135 Wayne Street, where he died January 17th, 1870, a short time before his ninety-fifth birthday. The service was held in Trinity Church, New York, and the remains were interred in Greenwood Cemetery.

Six months before his death he drew a picture upon a block, and had partly engraved it, doing a little from time to time as his strength allowed, when the dread call came. During his latter years he engraved many pictures for his own amusement, taking that method of preserving any design that happened

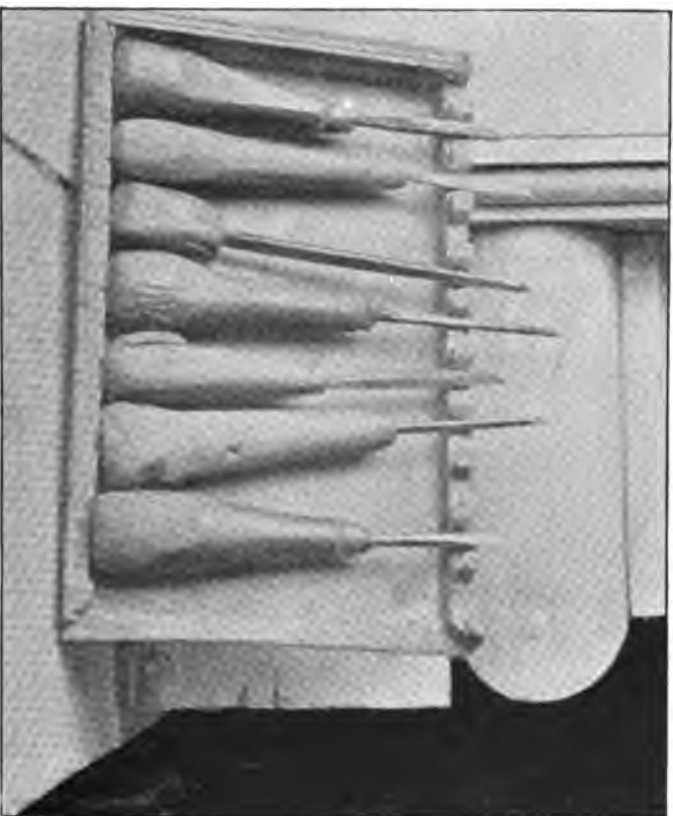
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to strike his fancy. He had a little workshop built in the yard, and there he would keep himself busily employed. He never considered his old blocks worth preserving, and frequently cut up the larger ones to kindle the fire.

He was remarkably conscientious, and would never consent to receive more than what he considered a fair price for his work. The late Evert A. Duyckinck, in a letter to a friend, tells of a contract the doctor had made to do a certain amount of map work for a stipulated price. When the work was finished he refused to accept the sum agreed upon, as the engraving had not taken as much time as he expected.

Dr. Anderson was also a good miniature painter, and in his early life was frequently employed in that capacity. He painted daintily on ivory the portraits of all his daughters when they were young women, that of Mrs. Lewis, the youngest, being particularly fine.

His retiring and bashful disposition caused him to shrink as much as possible from the companionship of the prominent men with whom he was brought in contact; but professional duties compelled him to see them more or less, and he made, almost without his own volition, many warm friends,



Engraving-tools used by Dr. Audenrou. (Now in the possession of New York Historical Society.)





who entertained for him the most sincere regard. He was a member of the old Academy of Fine Arts, of which Colonel Trumbull was President, and his position as an artist was so high, that when the Academy of Design was founded in 1827, he was immediately elected a member.

He had only four pupils during the course of his long and honored life : his daughter Ann, who married Andrew Maverick, a copper-plate printer ; Garret Lansing, who placed himself under his instruction in 1804, and became the second wood-engraver in America ; William Morgan, who afterward became noted as a draughtsman, and John H. Hall, who took a high rank among engravers, but being seized by the gold fever in 1849, went to California, where he died.

By his second wife Dr. Anderson had one son and five daughters. His son, who was a physician, and was named John, after the beloved brother who had perished in the yellow-fever epidemic, died in 1836. Two of his daughters, Emmeline (Mrs. Maybe) and Ann (Mrs. Maverick), inherited their father's taste for art, and gained distinction, the one with the pencil, the other with the graver. Three of his daughters survived him—Mrs. Halsey, Mrs. Skillman, and Mrs. Lewis.

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Mr. Lossing, speaking of his friend and fellow-engraver, says: "Dr. Anderson worked industriously with an ever-cheerful spirit; was kind and loving, and generous to all around—in a word, he lived a pure, simple, blameless, and useful life. He was of less than medium height, compactly built, with mild and beautiful dark gray eyes and a face ever beaming with indices of kindly feelings and serenity of spirit; and for many years that venerable head was surrounded, as by a halo, with white locks and beard. His voice was soft and low. He was genial in thought and conversation, and had a quick perception of genuine humor. To him the world was a delightful place to live in, because it was a reflex of his own sweet spirit. He was extremely regular in all his habits. He once said to a friend: 'I would not sit up after ten o'clock at night to see an angel.'"







APPENDIX A.

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A BRIEF SKETCH

OF

DR. ANDERSON'S LIFE.

*(Written by himself in 1848.)*



A BRIEF SKETCH  
OF  
DR. ANDERSON'S LIFE.

*(Written by himself in 1848.)*

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IN order to account for my neglect of the ordinary means of advancement in life, it may be necessary to say something of my parentage and incidents of my early days.

I was born in the city of New York in the year 1775. My father, although a native of Scotland, had become a thorough republican; and entering into the printing business published a paper, "The Constitutional Gazette," in opposition to Rivington's "Royal Gazette," and soon became conspicuous as John Anderson, the rebel printer. His business was prosperous till the British army approached the city which obliged him to pack up and fly. On his way to Connecticut by the Kingsbridge road, his wagons were seized for the use of the American garrison at Fort Washington, and his books and

papers converted into cartridges. His paper money depreciated and soon became worthless and the consequences may be imagined. He, however, found a refuge for his family among some friends of my mother (who was of the New England stock) at Greenwich, Conn., while he made himself useful as captain of the alarm list on the debatable ground. My first recollections are those of playing on the shores of the Sound, building little huts among the rocks and roofing them with sea weed, delighted with everything around me. My brother and myself, however, were under the rigid government of my mother, whose talents enabled her to give us some instructions. For want of ink she would dissolve indigo in water and the drawings of faces and flowers made their appearance and amused us during the evenings. Some pieces of type-metal ornaments which had escaped the wreck of the printing office became interesting objects to me. The grotesque vignettes in old editions of books done when the artist had not the fear of criticism before his eyes had charms for me, and I am not ashamed to say something of that taste still remains with me. The old Dutch tiles around the fire place were so execrable that I remember looking at them with a mixture of curiosity and disgust.





Dr. Anderson at the age of forty-four.



At times we were indulged with the sight of a large pile of pictures such as issued from the London print shops of that day. Among the rest Hogarth's *Industrious* and *Idle Apprentice* made a strong impression on my mind.

As soon as peace was declared, the scene was changed to New York. I was put to school and drilled into the study of Latin and a little Greek. I became a great reader. After devouring all the toy books of Newbury, the first book of any consequence was *Æsop's Fables* and the next Dryden's *Virgil*, the engravings in which formed no small share of the entertainment. I was full of business, carving little figures, making boats and fitting up a little cellar as a theatre; for I had been favored with the sight of one play and it was an event not to be forgotten. I had my drawing books and my drawings were made by wetting a hair pencil in my mouth, rubbing it on a bit of Indian ink and then imitating prints in line work. One of my school-fellows had access to an *Encyclopedia* and there we found some instructions for engraving. Small pieces of copper were procured and pennies rolled out in the mill of a friendly silversmith, and when copper was scarce pewter was used. I did a head of Paul Jones and pleased was I when I got an impression

with red oil paint in a rude rolling press which I had constructed. The first graver I used was the back spring of a pocket knife ground to a point. An obliging blacksmith afterwards made some tools for me and I began to work in type metal.

I engraved some small ships and sold them at the newspaper offices. Other little jobs followed and I produced some spare cash. As there was but one other person working in the same line I began to feel of some consequence.

At length it was determined that I should become a physician, and at fourteen years of age, I left my workshop in the garret and entered with Dr. Joseph Young, a man whose goodness of heart and amiable manners I shall never forget. He had been a surgeon in the Revolutionary army and had that talent of observation which is sometimes deficient in men of greater celebrity, and was very successful in his practice. The study of physic in those days was different from what it is at present. The students compounded all the medicines; delivered them to the patients and sometimes administered them.

No small share of fatigue attended this as our business was extensive.

I continued this mode of life for five years, reading all the medical books within reach, and yet

found time for engraving for letter press and some on copper, the products of which partly clothed me and paid for four courses of all the medical lectures, besides Natural Philosophy and a smattering of French at evening school. One of my earliest employers was William Durell who began with toy books and proceeded to larger works such as a folio edition of Josephus and above a hundred volumes of British Classics. It was while engraving for him that I met with Bewick's works, and having with difficulty procured some box wood, found the advantage of that material over type metal.

Before I was of age I underwent an examination according to law and received a license to practice physic. My wayward fate induced me to refuse the offer of a partnership with my old teacher Dr. Young. In 1795, I was employed by the Health Committee as Resident Physician at Bellevue Hospital where I passed three months among yellow fever patients (most of them sent up in the last stage of disease) and witnessed above a hundred deaths. Although I was employed day and night and even assisted in opening four dead bodies, I escaped the infection, but suffered from depression of spirits.

In 1796, I graduated in Columbia College as M.D., became a married man, hired a house and

commenced practice, occasionally engraving a little, among the rest a skeleton from Albinus enlarged to near three feet. I contrived to get two or three impressions by means of a long lever, but my work became disjointed and went to pieces.

I soon discovered that the practice was a different thing from the study of physic. The responsibility appeared too great for the state of my mind. However, I labored on till the fatal yellow fever of 1798, when I was again employed in the Hospital; but after a few days bade adieu to it as I had lost my wife and child. In a short time followed the loss of my brother, father, mother and almost all my friends whom I visited in their illness—all within three months. This succession of calamities seemed rather too severe; I sought consolation in change of scene and made a voyage to the West Indies to visit an uncle, Dr. Alexander Anderson, King's Botanist in the island of St. Vincent. I remained at the Botanic Garden (a perfect paradise at that time) about three months; and, after rejecting an offer that would have made me independent returned to my native place.

I had a craving for quiet and retirement, with the hopes of supporting myself by my favorite employment. But my solitary life led me to indulge







strange whims, such as living on vegetable food, mostly bread and water, for eight months, and then launching out into opposite extremes till a second marriage produced new scenes and new cares. I applied myself closely, rather too closely to the arts and lost no time in amusements except some rambles out of town and even then I was attempting sketches.

In 1802, I undertook the engraving of three hundred cuts for Bewick's *Quadrupeds*, a laborious undertaking and poorly paid.

I did a number of engravings for the late David Longworth, among the rest a set for the *Fables of Flora*, the head vignettes on copper and the tail pieces on wood. The late Samuel Wood was one of my most constant employers. I did an infinity of cuts for his excellent set of small books.

Among my acquaintances was John Roberts from Dumfries, the person mentioned by Burns as being good at the burin. I sought his employ in hopes of gaining some improvement from that almost universal genius and assisted in finishing several plates; but there was a downward tendency about the man, and our intimacy was dropped. His end was rather melancholy.

During the last war with Great Britain my title

of M.D. would not preserve me from being drafted as a soldier while my six children were thrown upon the care of a mother already showing symptoms of the consumption which afterward terminated her life. I was fortunate enough in finding a substitute in a short time. I returned to my pursuits and was employed by the corporation to engrave the small money bills issued during the scarcity of specie.

Constant employment has caused time to slip away, till I find myself in my seventy-third year. I have raised and supported a large family under rather discouraging circumstances, and what comes next is in the book of fate.

A. A.



APPENDIX B.

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EXTRACTS

FROM THE

DIARY OF ALEXANDER ANDERSON

FOR

1795-1798.

(The NOTES, for the most part, are by W. W. Pasko,  
of the New York "Typothetæ.")



EXTRACTS  
FROM THE  
DIARY OF ALEXANDER ANDERSON  
FOR  
1795-1798.

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DIARY FOR 1795.

January 1st. Morning—I cast over again the plate of Type-metal for *Cressin's* work.—

A slight fall of snow.—Attended at the Doctor's.—Kindled a fire in the shop.—Call'd upon N. Birdsall \* and receiv'd 8/ 10.—

Scene, the Dr's † Shop—Gen. Campbell enters and after the usual compliments undertakes to prove that Woman was made upon the 7th day.—Dr. Youle ‡ arrived—*Political Justice & Criminal codes* became the subjects of discussion.—Dr. Smith made his appearance and the Gen. not long after, his exit.—A

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\* Nathaniel Birdsall, printer and bookseller, at 80 Cherry street.

† Dr. Joseph Young. Dr. Anderson had then been with him since May 1, 1789.

‡ Dr. Joseph Youle, who lived at 97 Beekman street. He was at that time the Scribe of the Council of Tammany.

System of Education on the principles of Moral Chemistry was sketch'd out.—The Company was augmented by the arrival of Johnson Butler and Mr. Nixon.—The Drs departed & Mr. Watson, Merchant Tailor, came in—made a short stay.—

3d. Morning—finished one of Durell's \* wooden † cuts—began to repair one of Hicks's compass plates.—Fore-noon, spent chiefly in the Dr's shop—except taking a walk to the Ship-yards to see the Keel of the Frigate.—About 3, we sat down to dinner, about 12 in number.—I made myself pretty active in helping the company—but was aware how I help'd myself to mince pie again.—Ran home before dark. I engrav'd a few strokes.—Benj. Tanner ‡ call'd to know my price for the cuts of the Primer—I return'd to tea—play'd a few tunes on the Violin—came home with Mamma before 8.

17th. Spent 6d for Raisins.—Return'd *Rollin* and

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\* William Durell, who began with toy books, but had now attained to much greater things. He continued in business for a long time, being in 1795 at 208 Pearl street. He was a printer and stationer, as well as a bookseller.

† The use of boxwood had been discovered by Anderson the previous year, and some pieces were procured with great difficulty for his experiments. Later, boxwood was regularly imported. It is to be noted that he invariably says "wooden" cuts instead of the modern usage, "wood cuts."

‡ Benjamin Tanner, an engraver of 26 Frankfort street.

got *Nettleton* on Virtue from Fellows's.—Dr. Davidson proposes that I should take a trip with him to St. Vincent's, next spring.—My Mother is utterly averse to this scheme.—Evening.—At 7, according to invitation, I went to Dr. Smith's, where I found eleven others who attend his Lectures. After spending some time in sociable discourse, we were ask'd into another room where an elegant supper was provided.—I evaded drinking more than a glass of wine & ate but little.—Past 11 before I got home.

28th. I sat up till 12 last night.—My Brother\* came home about 1.—I attended Chem. Lecture.—Spent 5d for figs & paid 3d due to Seaman's.—Mrs. Settersfield was at breakfast with us & gave information of Aunt Carpenter's† ill state of health, from the continuance of a lingering Dysentery.—I came home at 12, got ready some of Mr. Sacket's remedy (Butternut bark and Jerusalem Oak) and took over to her together with a bottle of wine—gave Kate directions for preparing the medicine—ate some Supon‡ & Milk, and fill'd my pockets with

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\* His brother was a law student.

† Mrs. Carpenter recovered, her name appearing in the first Brooklyn Directory, which was published in 1796. She was a widow.

‡ Suppaan—the flour of maize, made up into a pudding by boiling, and then eaten with milk, sugar or molasses.

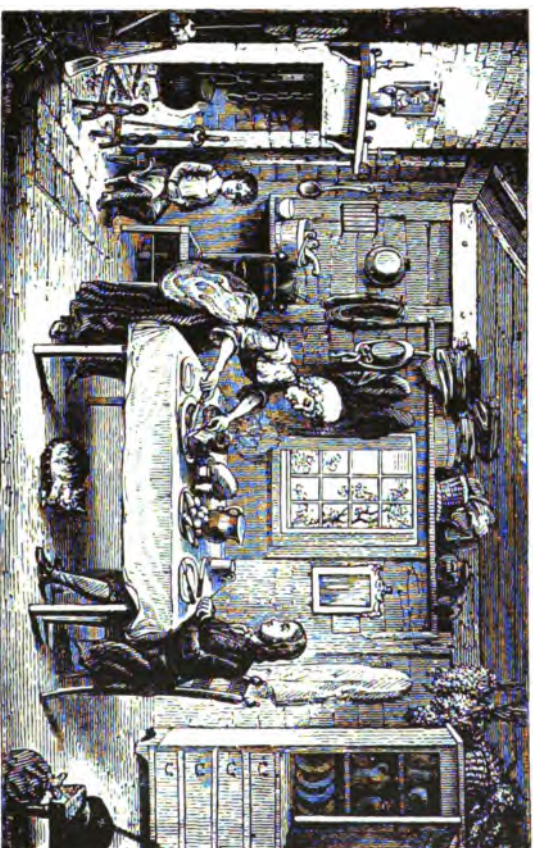
apples which she forc'd upon me; got home before 2, sat down and began another cut.—According to Durell's orders I spoke for 6 more blocks of boxwood at Smith's.—Mr. Henderson, schoolmaster from Long Island, drank tea at the Dr's.—My Brother John has pass'd his Examination, and, I have reason to believe, with credit.—Evening—Went to the College, where a few of our Medical Society met.—I came home at 8—Capt. Stuart and his daughter were there. I copied the drawing for Dr. Mitchill.

February 2d. Morning—Began a wooden cut—Attended Chem. & Clin. Lectures.—Paid Smith 12/ for Boxwood, on Durell's Acct.—Spent 6d. for Figs at Seaman's. Soon after dinner I came home and engrav'd.—After taking out some medicine I call'd at Dr. Graham's from whence I attended Mamma and Mrs. Herttell to Dr. Davidson's and return'd.—He call'd and invited me to tea.—Went about 5, with T. Herttell.—We had the pleasure of Dr. Mitchill's\* company and conversation—mentioned the plan for a Literary Coffee-house.—Two of Capt. Stewart's

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\* Samuel L. Mitchill, LL.D., a celebrated physician, was born in the year 1763, and was for a great number of years professor of various branches in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York.





From "The Life of Benjamin Franklin," engraved by Dr. Anderson for Messrs. Coolege & Brother.



daughters were there.—Excellent sweetmeats were handed round after tea and had it not been for the noise of the children and the impertinence of a young goat who made a forcible entry into the room to the great terror of the ladies, the time might be said to be very agreeably spent.

March 19th. Engrav'd a Quadrant for Ad. Hicks & receiv'd 1/. Undertook to engrave 9 copper-plates for Mr. Rivington\* at 40/ each, for a book of *Fairy Tales*. Stopp'd in at a book auction for a few minutes. Got home about 9 & read *Beattie's Elements*.

20th. Went to Myer's and bespoke the plates for Rivington's work, to do two on each plate. Saw Cressin at Jones's and receiv'd 4 Dollars. Mr. Mabie invited my brother to be a spectator at the Dancing School this evening. I read in *Bell* and *Beat*. Got a piece solder'd in Cressin's last cut, and in the evening gave *Coco* a new face, his master being highly displeas'd with the other. Theo. Nixon drank tea at the Dr's.

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\* James Rivington, who previous to the Revolutionary War published Rivington's New York Gazetteer, or the Connecticut, New Jersey, Hudson River, and Quebec Weekly Advertiser, but was now simply a bookseller and stationer, at 156 Pearl street. He was the grandson of Charles Rivington, the eminent publisher, and the son of Charles Rivington, a printer and publisher.

24th. Scour'd a copper-plate. Began Gilfert's plate. The Negro paid 7/ for the stamp. Call'd at my Father's in the forenoon. Grand-mamma was there, from Brooklyn. Call'd at old Mr. Pierce's in Chatham St. to look at his old violin. No sooner had I struck a note than his wife denounc'd the Music as leading to the Devil. I went again in the evening and brought it away with me, promising to return it in the morning or pay 5 Dollars for it. I was so much pleased with the tone of it that I put it in Mr. Claus's hands to varnish and repair. Montgomery Hunt & John Ferguson spent part of the evening at my Father's. My brother & I gave them some tunes on the violin.

26th. Spent about 2 hours at the Library. Took out Zimmerman's Survey of Europe. Call'd at Scoles's. He found much fault with my engraving Gilfert's plate so cheap. I took the brass stamps which I did for him some time ago to alter them. They were return'd on his hands. Went to the Wharf opposite the Navy Yard and saw J. Grozart, on board the Brig Neptune. He has been absent near 2 years, and was at Baltimore, Hamburg, some part of France, London, Boston, Philadelphia, then to the southward, from whence they return'd with timber for the frigate. His station was 2d mate.

I mentioned to Dr. Young my intention of leaving him next month, and applying for a license. Refus'd his offer of Partnership. After 8 in the evening I varnish'd a copper-plate.

April 1st. Began to etch Rivington's 2d plate. I took the delineation of the Insects to Dr. Mitchill, who agreed to my proposal of offering it, with a paper of his on the subject, to *Swords*\* for insertion in the Magazine. I accordingly deliver'd it to him. After-noon—A. Herttell was at my Father's. I bespoke a pair of Silk-stocking breeches at Sander's for 9 Dollars ! Evening—Went to Mrs. Rose's and sat with the family. Supper being brought in, I sat down with them, but help'd myself but sparingly. I was oblig'd to drink a glass and a half of wine, the operation of which I felt in my head during the remainder of the evening.

22d. Receiv'd from Cressin £4. 4 and from Bird-sall £2. My Brother & I call'd upon Mr. Scoles, who accompanied us to see the *Panorama*, or View of the City of London—an entertainment new & highly delighting to me. The painting lines the in-

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\* James and Thomas Swords were printers who learned their trade in this city during the Revolution. They became publishers, and continued so till their deaths. They and Durell may be esteemed as the first who made publishing a business in this city.

side of a circular building, and is view'd from a station in the middle, suppos'd to be the top of the Albion mills. Drank tea & staid at the Doctor's 'till evening. Receiv'd 16/ more from Birdsall. Came home and employ'd myself in casting type-metal 'till I was fairly tired.

24th. Call'd at the Dr's. Spread a plaster and off again. Spent most of the day in engraving. Finish'd the letters GIBONNE for Cressin & did part of 3 other type-metal cuts. My brother gone to public speaking at Flat-bush. I got an impression of the last copperplate and deliver'd to Mr. Rivington. Got a piece solder'd in a cut by G. Youle. Evening—I went with my glue-pot in my hand to Mr. Warner's & mended the frame of Mr. Banks's glass. Call'd in at Mr. Bailey's and sat awhile. Augustus is preparing for another voyage to St. Augustine.

May 12th. Anniversary of Tammany.\* Got my waistcoat from the Tailor and paid his bill 15/. Bespoke a blue coat. About 9 I went with my Brother to Gardiner Baker, who presented us with Tickets for the Oration. At 10 went to the Old Presbyterian meeting house. Sat in the pew with

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\* Tammany was then six years old.







Dr. Davidson. About 11 the Society arriv'd, when Dr. Mitchill began the Oration, or rather Narration, in the Indian style, relating the fictitious history of Tammany, interlarded with the Indian mythology. A collection was made for the Charity School, to which I contributed 2/. About dusk I went with Mamma to Mrs. Bailey's.

21st. Rose at 4. Breakfasted and call'd on A. Tiebout before 6. After he had put his shop in order we set off for Paules Hook Ferry-house. Stepp'd into a Boat which was just going off, and after a short passage found ourselves transported into the delightfully varied scenes of New Jersey. We walk'd on, enjoying the beautiful and romantic prospects around us; pass'd over the New-Bridge of Hackinsack River, and took the road leading to the Mines, being a causeway form'd through the Cedar swamp. Stopp'd at a little cottage and refresh'd ourselves with a drink of Buttermilk. About 10, we found ourselves at the mines.\* Some

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\* This copper mine was in the present town of Harrison, east of Belleville, but very near to it. It was worked for twenty years or more before the Revolution, the steam engine referred to being imported from England. While the war was going on labor ceased. It had not been resumed long, apparently, when Anderson visited it, and this renewal of work did not prove to be permanent. Some of the cuttings and mounds of earth are still to be seen.

little boys were employ'd in breaking the ore, near one of the entrances, under the shade of trees with which the whole hill was pretty well cover'd. We ventur'd in, after taking the precaution to cool ourselves, and were furnish'd with a candle by one of the Miners, who was very attentive to lead us thro' the different avenues. He inform'd us that there were 16 Workmen, mostly Welchmen, in the mine. We put some specimens of the ore in our pockets. Left this dismal cavern by ascending a perpendicular ladder about 50 feet long, after giving our guide half a dollar, with which he appear'd well satisfied. From this we went to the mouth of the old shaft and view'd the Steam-engine, now out of use. After resting on the grass, we took the road to New-ark. 2 miles brought us to Second river,\* which we cross'd in a little ferry-boat. The heat became pretty violent and my companion perspired prodigiously. Between 12 & 1 we arriv'd at New-ark and went to a public house, where we got a bit of a dinner. Set off with fresh strength on the Road for Paules Hook, cross'd the 2 Bridges, and saw the Draw-bridge of one rais'd to let a sloop pass. A slight fall of rain overtook us in our journey over

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\* The Second River is a branch of the Passaic, and is the northern boundary of Newark.

the long causeway. We were much diverted with a combat between a Crow & 7 Black-birds. Got to the Ferry house before 5, not without having suffer'd some apprehensions from a Man who join'd us on the road. Arriv'd at home before 6. Mr. Reid had left the book for me to begin the cuts.

June 24th. At 9 attended at Justice Brasher's and gave my evidence in favor of Dr. Young. Much grieved at finding that I had deviated a little from truth. Before dinner I finished the map just as Mr. Reid came in. He took it with him and in the afternoon brought a proof. I drew a tolerable likeness of Mamma. Walked on the Battery. Saw a ship loaded with passengers from Ireland, as I was afterward informed. Saw Aug. Bailey. Stopped at his house and looked at a young bear of his, which he had brought from St. Augustine. Received a letter from John Babcock (Hartford), with orders for engraving cuts for a little book. Got the plate from Myers and paid him 6 dollars. Wrote an answer to Babcock.

July 4th. Anniversary of American Independence. I was aroused pretty early by the firing of Cannon and ringing of bells.—I paid 9d. for different medicines at Wainwright's, made some pills and put up, with some articles for I. Grozart. Before dinner

took a walk towards the brick-meeting\* and saw the procession of the troops and public Societies. Stopped at Mrs. Rose's and sat awhile. Afternoon engraved pretty steadily. J. Dougall sat and read with us. I bought a hat for 4 dollars. Finished reading the *Citizen of the World*. Went to see the fire works before the Government House.† After-

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\* The Brick Meeting House was the Presbyterian Church at the junction of Nassau street, Park row and Spruce street, which when it was built were called respectively Nassau street, Chatham street and George street. The face was on Beekman street. A grant was obtained from the corporation of this piece of land, then almost out of town, and the church, which was intended for those who were swarming from the Wall street one, was opened for divine service January 1st, 1768. During the Revolution it was an hospital. The pastors in 1795 were Dr. Rodgers, Dr. McKnight, and Dr. Miller. The church was demolished about 1856, the members moving uptown. The ground is now occupied by the Potter building and the Times building.

† By the Government House is meant the building erected upon the site of the fort below the Bowling Green for the residence of the President of the United States. As the capital of the nation was removed to Philadelphia about the time of its completion the President never lived there, but the Governors of the State, George Clinton and John Jay, did. When Albany became the State capital early in the century the edifice was used for various governmental purposes until the latter part of 1815 or beginning of 1816, when it was demolished. Upon its site were erected in 1816 and 1817 the dwellings now used for steamship offices. They were the



ANDERSON SC.

A Lover's Complaint.



wards walked about and viewed some illuminations.

7th. Morning. Cast type metal cuts. Planned out a jaunt to Rockaway and enquired when the stage goes. During the forenoon I was very busy at engraving. Finished the last of Harrison's cuts, and delivered to him. He paid me 5 dollars in part. I paid Smith 1/ for smoothing off the negro's stamp. Having cooked and eat dinner in haste, I left home and crossed the ferry about 1. Sat at Aunt Carpenter's, who compelled me to eat, till 2, when I stepped into the stage, with no other company than the Driver, a clever negro fellow. Before 5 we arrived at Jamaica, where the Horses and I having eaten a little we set forward again and reached Far Rockaway about sunset. Took up my quarters at Mr. Vanderbilt's, and paid 8/ for the stage. A view of the sea from the House, which is about a mile off. Got supper. Coffee.

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handsomest in town, and were really very spacious and commodious buildings. Washington Irving speaks of a party he attended in one of them in the highest terms, and gives a glowing description of the house. The last recorded event in connection with the Government House prior to its destruction was the illumination in honor of the peace of 1815. It was a tall structure entered from the front by two winding series of steps, and was of large size.

8th. Rose before 5. Took a walk to the beach and enjoyed the grand view of the Ocean. Walked so far along the shore that it was near 6 o'clock before I returned to the house. A clever old wench belonging to the family procured me a violin from one of the neighbors. This afforded a very acceptable amusement. Before dinner I took a walk down a different road and came near the Narrows. I got Scott's Elocution. Reading this, walking and fiddling filled up the remainder of the day.

9th. The violin taken away last night; one source of amusement withdrawn. I rose early and went to the beach where I bathed. In the afternoon, having chosen a new path, I followed it till I came near the Narrows. In returning I lost myself and it was some time before I could find my way out of the wood. A young fellow who has been waiter to a gentleman from the Southward came to engage a seat in the stage—an arch chap with his magic lantern—I have seen him before cutting his capers round my father's door. Evening I paid my Landlord 18/.

10th. Went this morning to take leave of the beach. Last night I had very distressing dreams, occasioned I believe by leaving my collar buttoned. Before dinner I went and picked blackber-



ries. At 1 o'clock, having settled with my landlord, I took a seat in the stage. With us a neighboring farmer, Mr. Ash from the Southward, and a young girl. The first and last left us at Jamaica, where we staid an hour. I walked about the town. A little after 4 we started again and arrived at Brooklyn about 7. Stopped a few minutes at Aunt Carpenter's. Crossed the ferry and found all well. Mr. Reid has paid £19 for the map. I paid 4/ for having my old Hat dressed.

August 11th. After-noon called at Birdsall's, and at Seaman's Cellar, to give advice to this extraordinary family. I cannot help admiring the phlegmatic, unruffled disposition of one of them. Her Child came tumbling down the stone steps. "Doctor, can you mend broken heads, too?" says she, picking him up very leisurely. Evening, I went to Dr. Young's & saw Mr. Herttell, who is unwell. A Typhus fever has carried off 7 or 8 in that neighborhood.

23d. Sunday Forenoon, heard Mr. Beach, I. Thessalon. iv, 13. Afternoon, Mr. Bisset, John vi, 38. As I was at tea, Dr. Smith call'd to offer me the care of the Hospital at Bellevue,\* in place of P. Ander-

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\* Bellevue Hospital was then a long distance from the city. It does not appear that the present extensive buildings had been begun in 1795. There could have been little else

son, who has returned somewhat unwell. The Salary 20s. a day. I promised to give him a decisive answer in the evening. Went to Mr. Dunn's room and heard a discourse from a Stranger. Call'd at Dr. Smith's and agree'd to accept the proposal. The prevailing Epidemic Fever\* appears to spread considerably near Dr. Young's.

24th Behold me in a new Station and my mind in a State of confusion and perplexity. At 10 O'clock I call'd on Dr. Smith, and after sitting near 2 hours stepp'd into the Chair with him and away we posted to Bellevue. After instructing me in my duty and introducing me to the family and patients, he shook me affectionately by the hand and departed. There are 6 patients. The Family consists of Mr. Fisher,

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there than an old-fashioned country house, with a few extra outbuildings. Its occupation by the city was originally for an almshouse, it being bought in 1794 for £2,000. At the beginning of the Revolutionary war the poor, who had previously been quartered in a building in the present City Hall Park, were removed first to West Chester and then to Poughkeepsie. After the war, when they returned, a new building was erected in Chambers street. The new Almshouse at Bellevue, now a part of the Hospital, was opened in the beginning of the year 1816. Its expense, including that of the Penitentiary and other buildings, was \$418,791.34. There was a farm connected with this up to 1830. The first regular Hospital building was begun here in 1823.

\* The Yellow Fever.

the steward, and his wife, Old Daddy, the gardener, an old negro, a black nurse, and 2 white ones. I spent the afternoon in putting up medicines and arranging matters. At 5 O'clock I set off and walk'd to my Father's,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles, drank tea, pack'd up some clothes, books, &c., in a trunk which I bought of my Father. My Mother's feelings are not a little agitated on this change in our family. I returned to the Hospital about half past 8, my Brother keeping me company about a mile up the road. Another patient had arrived. Attending to him and writing the daily report to the Committee of Health employ'd me 'till near 10 in the evening.

27th. This morning I began to apprehend hot weather, but the wind rose before noon and we had a very pleasant day. I wrote a few lines to my Mother by the Steward, who brought me an answer, together with a letter from my Brother and another from Alex. Tiebout. This was a great gratification. I answer'd the two latter immediately. Another patient sent up in a shocking condition, 10 days of the disease, vomiting blood by mouthfuls; in short, he died within 2 hours' time. His Brother came again to see the corpse, but was not allowed. The relations of Betsy Gants, a young girl, were very anxious to see her, and to indulge them we had her

led to the window, while they stood at some distance in the Garden. Two young seamen arriv'd in a cart. The violence of their fever demanded blood letting, which I perform'd immediately. Had occasion to bleed the young girl, likewise, before night. Dr. Smith made us a visit and saw the patients. Evening I wrote a letter to my mother, and the Report to the Committee.

28th. We have had no fresh arrivals to-day, but the situation of my other patients really puzzles me. One of them who has suffered extremely and with unparalleled patience is dangerously ill, but his lungs were disordered when he came here. I receiv'd a letter from my Brother and one from Jn. Babcock at Hartford; answer'd one in the fore-noon and one in the evening.

29th. The picture of my mind would appear very variegated this day. In the morning every thing round me had a cheerful aspect because my patients were better. My pleasure was heightened by the reception of a packet of letters. I had begun an answer to one, when I was call'd to see the young girl, who evinc'd such alarming symptoms that I almost despair'd of her; however, we stirr'd about pretty briskly, and reviv'd her a little by the application of a large blister and pouring down medicines,





&c. In the evening a black man was sent up. I wrote letters to my Mother, Brother, and A. Tiebout.

30th. Last night the Girl and Murphy, whom I mention'd for his patience, both died. In the morning a wench was sent up from Tillinghast, with a note requesting me to take particular care of her. I receiv'd a letter from my Brother and my Bible, which I had written for. Went to town in about an hour by a shorter road; din'd and sat awhile at my Father's; got back a little after 3. Not long after 2 girls arrived. I could not help contrasting the characters of the Boatmen, who are appointed to convey the sick here, with that of the Hearse-men. I was pleas'd to see the care and attention of the former in helping the poor girls from the boat, and the "God bless you" which they left with them, but the other fellows seem to glory in a disregard to Feeling and Delicacy. I versified a part of the 1st chap. of Genesis. Evening, wrote to my Mother. This morning I wrote to Dr. Young.

September 1st. This morning we lost 2 patients—Tillinghast's wench and the seaman who arriv'd yesterday. The latter had drunk a large quantity of saltwater, after taking an emetic at sea. The wench's husband came to enquire for her. I dismiss'd

him with a sorrowful heart, with a line to Mr. Tillinghast. Admitted, a lad, an Apprentice of John Utt, attended by his Mother, who had got a permission from Mr. Broome to be his nurse. I have not been fifty yards from the house since Sunday. Evening, wrote a letter to my Brother and a string of Rhyme to my Mother which as it may amuse me, and perhaps somebody else hereafter, I shall subjoin :

To her who has nurs'd me and led me to see  
The World & the Objects pertaining to me,  
Has guarded my steps and preserv'd me from falling  
Into fire, well, & mill pond when toddling and crawling,  
Who has hush'd me to sleep when as cross as a brat  
And spank'd me when needful, the better for that,  
Has sent me to School when abroad I would roam  
And to Church when I'd rather be sitting at home,  
Who taught me in drawing the pencil to handle,  
And burn'd up her Cap in the flame of the Candle,  
Whose useful Instruction inform'd my young mind  
With rules for Behavior & Conduct design'd,  
Who set me to reading the Mantuan bard,  
Who tells of Æneas's travelling so hard  
In search of a place which in ages to come  
Was to be the foundation of seven hill'd Rome,  
With tales of the Arabs my mind did amuse,  
Expanded my powers and enlarged my views,  
My Home made engaging, invites me to stay  
Nor gallop about in the streets after play.



At home or abroad, in this place or t'other  
I still shall remember the care of my Mother,  
Her advice recollect and her counsels regard,  
Since that she declares is her greatest reward.  
At the Desk or the Table, wherever you are,  
Attending your Flowers or adjusting your hair,  
This hard labor'd ditty in shape of a letter  
I beg you'll accept for want of a better.

15th. We lost 3 patients to-day and as many were admitted, one of them a young woman with a little babe. I was inform'd that she was of good family but had run off with a Captain. I believe she is from Scotland, as she was wrapp'd up in a plaid cloak. I amus'd myself in strolling along the shore on the cliffs and took a walk to the head of the lane. 4 of the Committee were here in the after-noon and were troubled with the complaints of the nurses who had contriv'd to fall out. After they were gone the storm rose a little and Mrs. Fisher and Mrs. Hull came to pretty high words. I am sometimes tempted to resign my station, but, really, I am afraid that like Jonah I shall meet with a worse fate.

24th. 14 patients were admitted to-day; 4 died, 1 dismiss'd. I have 16 under my care. A man who was in service at Bush-hill during the prevalence of

the disease in Philadelphia applied for employment. I flatter myself that a storm is at hand, which from the beneficial effect it will have on the air is much desired. How happy would we be if we could always resign ourselves to the will of Providence & act with Fortitude. I think I can see the wise intentions of our Common Father in placing me in this situation. I do not expect to meet with greater trials in this life than I have experienc'd here. May I be better enabled to support them. Perhaps at some future period these lines may appear ridiculous to others. Perhaps they may be the means of reclaiming me from error; if so I'll run the risque of the former and record the present state of my mind.

October 8th. A Rainy day. No arrivals to-day, and of course we found a little more leisure than usual. I found much entertainment in overhauling the journals of a young Man who died this morning, James Sackin, lately from England, Clerk to Drowly & Drawbridge. His observations are very judicious; his sentiments in religion similar to Dr. Priestly's.

The billiard room, as we call it, really exhibits a curious scene. On the right hand as you enter, lies an old fellow with his head always muffled up in his blanket. On pulling this off you disclose his yellow

phiz, and something very humorous in the look he gives you. In answer to my enquiry how he was this morning, he said he "felt like the divil," and then bundled himself up in his blanket. On the left lies another who had got up in the night and dragged his bed into the middle of the floor and next made a migration into the corner of the room. In another corner is a Barber who came in last evening, and seems much disposed for a conference with his neighbours. I could not help bursting into a laugh at this conjunction of ludicrous objects, notwithstanding the melancholy condition of the poor beings. 3 died to-day.

McFarlane was surgeon on board an English ship, and has visited most of the West India Islands.

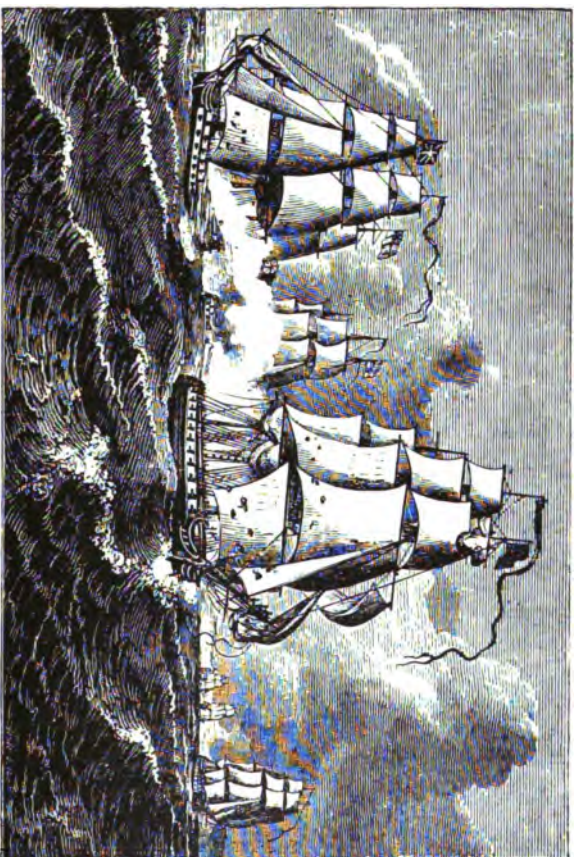
It began to clear off at Sunset, when the Clouds, together with the Rainbow exhibited a beautiful appearance. We took the liberty to discharge a nurse and employ another, a decent looking old woman in her place. Our reasons for this step were these. In the first place she is addicted to liquor, and of course the patients must suffer from neglect, but they likewise suffer from her behaviour which is very rough and illy fitted to sooth the mind of a sick person.

## COPY OF VERSES WRITTEN TO A. TIEBOUT.

I insert them not from any supposed excellence  
but for the sake of recalling past Ideas.

Could flowing numbers animate my breast  
And fire poetic raise a mind depress'd,  
How would I catch from Friendship's genial shrine  
The sacred flame and call the muses mine.  
The Muses—no, a higher aid I call  
Before whose Throne those fancied beings fall,  
Who first to Mortal Man existence gave  
And next consigned him to the silent grave,  
In fairer day to rise and ope those powers  
Which only budded in this world of ours.  
O glorious prospect, worthy all our care,  
With hope to wait and for the event prepare ;  
A great event, which different colours wears,  
As man has reason for his hopes or fears.  
To him who justice does and mercy loves  
And fears the God who through all nature moves,  
The prospect opens and in clearer skies  
His soul expands, while radiant glories rise,  
But he whose mind corrupted and debas'd,  
The heavenly image of his God defac'd,  
In keen remorse anticipates the day  
When low in dust his guilty joys shall lay ;  
When vengeance threatening long, now strikes the blow  
Which breaks the stubborn heart and kindles woe ;  
'Till purged from every stain, Eternal Love  
Removes the suppliant to the realms above,  
Coeval with Eternity to sing  
Th' unbounded goodness of our heavenly King.

27th. This morning I went to town. Found my  
Father's Family well; must see the silver tea-pot



From "The Life of Benjamin Franklin," engraved by Dr. Anderson for Messrs. Coolidge & Brother.



which he has presented to mamma. Walk'd out and bought some shoe-ribbon. Met Cressin who wishes to have more engravings done. Mrs. Hall, one of our former nurses, called upon me to get a character & certificate of her behaviour while in the Hospital; told me that after Stymets' decease she applied to Alderman Furman for her wages, who refus'd to pay her and on her further importunity threaten'd to send her to Bridewell.\* Said she was in a great hurry for her money, and asked her what she would do when that was expended. I gave my testimony that she conducted herself soberly & honestly while nurse. I return'd to the Hospital before 3. Mary Brown had died, 2 Discharged. I spent near an hour in playing on the Violin.

November 5th. This morning I went to town. Call'd at Reid's (Bookseller) who urg'd me to hurry on the Hieroglyphic engravings. I went home and once more began to use my engraving tools, now growing rusty. Before three o'clock P. M. I

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\* The Bridewell was on the west side of the City Hall, in the Park, and was the common jail. It was a small structure of gray stone, two stories high, besides the basement. It was an object of terror to those who were likely to be imprisoned there, beyond what an ordinary jail would be, as jail fevers in that building were frequently very destructive.

finish'd 7 of the cuts, and contriv'd to have a room fitted up for my winter quarters. In my way back I got *Howard's* Life from the Library, having returned the *Spectator*. My Brother and I stopp'd in at Capt. Rowe's at his invitation. He walk'd part of the way with us afterward. I met with something to flatter my vanity. This was the sight of my name honorably mention'd in the Papers by the *Health Committee*.

12th. This morning I took leave of Belle-vue Hospital, having agreed to return to-morrow to see Mrs. Black who still continues unwell. George, the black man, was much affected when I gave him his discharge. In my way home I met McFarlane, who return'd with me. I made a pretty sudden transition in my business. Having kindled a fire in my new apartment I began at engraving. After dinner I went with my Brother and sat a while with Dr. Young; next call'd at *Youle's* and got some type-metal, for which I paid 13/10.—Return'd & employ'd the remainder of the day in casting blocks for the Hieroglyphics and part of the evening in finishing them off.

20th. This morning I call'd at Harrison's and got some type-metal and some more at Durell's. Met Dr. Hamersley twice at Ryan's who is still in danger.



I went to Alderman Furman, who audited my Bellevue Account. I next took it to Mr. Hazard, who signed it, and then to Mr. Broome, who countersigned it; then to Robt. Bowne who treated me with much kindness and gave me a check on the Bank of the United States, for the sum of £126 /8, the compensation for my services for 79 days, at 4 dollars. In the afternoon I cast a number of cuts. Went with A. Tiebout and bought two pair of stockings of a man in a back house in Maiden Lane. A. Tiebout spent part of the evening with me.

December 3d. This morning about 9 the Fire-bell alarm'd us. I ran out, and, when I had enter'd Smith Street, beheld the flames ascending from two or three houses near the North Church. I was hurried into a rank out of sight of the fire; here I perform'd the duty of handing along water for about an hour when the fire was nearly repressed by the exertions of the people, 7 or 8 houses being consumed. In one of them was Robertson's Printing office, and the fine wove paper was trampled into mush in the street.

5th. This morning I paid the Tailor for my Coat.

A. Tiebout call'd upon me about 10 O'clock & propos'd a ride to Harlem where he had business.

—I agreed to it, & the next thing was to procure a chair. We went to several places and at last got one in Maiden-Lane.—We arriv'd at Harlem about 1, somewhat chilled.—After we had eat some bread & cheese and my companion had put a clock in order—we drove home-wards, whither we reach'd at half-past 3.—I engrav'd a little.—In the evening, I was preparing to collect some remarks for G. Baker, when Mr. McIntosh came in and we must have some Scotch tunes.—After his departure I wrote a letter to Dr. Davidson and something for Mr. Baker.

10th. In the evening I went to Mr. Bates's, and was surprised to find poor Frederick with his head shav'd and behaving in a very extravagant manner.—He appear'd glad to see me and show'd me the musical clock.—The leading Idea in his mind is that he is the Almighty again appearing in the flesh, and the reading of Richard Brothers's Prophecy has been the cause of this paroxysm.—He swears most horridly, and curs'd his father in the most dreadful terms.—He gave me a blister plaster which I applied to his head.—I sent for my Violin to amuse him ; my Brother soon appear'd with one and A. Tiebout with another.—The effect of the music not being so beneficial as I expected we left them between 8 & 9 O'clock.

15th. Evening. Having procur'd tickets of Mr. Baker, A. Tiebout, my Brother and myself went to Mrs. Youles and from thence accompanied her, Miss Youle and Miss Davis to the Museum—Miss Youle was my companion. After strolling about and feasting our eyes & ears we went to my Father's, here our company sat 'till near 10 when we attended them home.—



## DIARY FOR 1796.

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January 1st. This first day of the new-year pass'd on very smoothly with me.—My Mother's spirits are somewhat depress'd by the news of my Grand-mother's illness.

In the afternoon I went with my Brother to visit some of our acquaintances. In the first place we call'd and enquir'd for Mr. Sam. Johnson, Silversmith, an old friend of my Father's; he was very ill.—We next stopp'd at Rich. Davis's and ate a cake : then at Rob. Davis.—We extended our walk towards the Shipyards. In our way back my Brother stepp'd into Dr. Young's.—

Evening. Mrs. Bailey's wench came to me to get a puke of "Hippe gander" (Ipecacuanha) for Miss Charlotte—I got one at the Apothecary's and took down to her.—

8th. At 5 O'clock I attended Dr. Rogers's Lecture, after which I went to Mr. Van Vleck's where my Mother & John had gone.—Here I pass'd a

very agreeable evening. Mr. Herttell & his wife were there, and my old play-mate Benj. Egbert came in.—Miss Van Vleck play'd on the Harpsichord and her Father accompanied it with the Violin.—

I came home with Mamma before 9. Mr Reid had brought me £40 on account for the cuts of the Hieroglyphic Bible.\*—

9th. Much gratified with last night's company & entertainment—it was rational and exhibited a picture of domestic happiness.

11th. Mrs. Bailey wonder'd that "Mamma kept my brother & me cheeping about her instead of letting us stir abroad, and make money as Mr. Winstanley does who was paid 150 dollars for a painting, then standing on the mantel piece."—I endeavour'd to convince the good woman that *making money* was not the sole object.—

15th. Employ'd the most of the day in studying and collecting materials on *Mania* which I propose to make the subject of my *Inaugural Dissertation*.—

Mr. Oram call'd on me to get a small engraving done.—

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\* This was a Child's Bible, illustrated with many cuts. The name was a common one then.

21st. I finish'd the cut for Forman to-day. Attended Hamersley's Lecture.—

In the evening, I went out almost purposely to avoid company; and after attending to my two patients, trudg'd off to Dr. Young's where I found my brother.—Here we sat awhile.—In my way home I stopp'd at a Book Auction.—At home I found myself in company with A. Tiebout, the two Misses Minshulls and Miss Polly Youle.—We endeavour'd to entertain them with music. I attended Miss P. Minshull to Mrs. Youle's—found her a very sprightly, agreeable, lively girl.—

28th. I put the cuts for Babcock on board a New Haven vessel.—Finish'd 4 more of another book.—

In the evening we had company. T. Herttell and his wife, Mrs. & Miss Youle, A. Tiebout & J. Ferguson. Some vocal music being thought necessary, a song was exacted from each.—After numerous objections & attempts to evade it, I grumbled out some pieces of songs to the seeming amusement of the company. The Flageolet was likewise call'd for & I made out a few tunes with the aid of the violins.—Upon the whole the time was spent agreeably & innocently.

February 5th. To-day Mrs. Hall, one of the Bellevue nurses call'd upon me for another Certificate of







her service there.—Her appearance bespoke poverty and her breath betray'd her attachment to the bottle—Add these together and what is the result but misery & disease.

25th. In the afternoon I sat down and finish'd engraving Stanford's Elephant before I rose.—

Squire Pye drank tea with us.—This old man (72 years) did not hesitate to carry a bag of potatoes along the street. He seem'd to glory in this, for he says "he has pride enough to restrain him from doing a mean action and that is enough."

March 9th. There has been a considerable stir among the Mob-ility about the affair of Kettletas who was this day committed to Jail for a publication in the Argus.—They would not suffer him to walk but carried him there in a chair.—A carriage was brought before the City-Hall with the intention of drawing home two of the Members of Assembly who had advocated his cause.—

As I was going down Broad-way I met the Governor dress'd in his regimentals and sword at his side, who enquir'd if it was true that the people had gather'd round the Mayor's house.—This not being the case he went to the City Hall to learn the state of matters.—

17th. I call'd at Mr. Baker's, and there a very

pleasing sight attracted my notice—his four children sitting round the fire at their needlework and books. Not far off was their mother sewing and attending the baby.—

30th. Whatever cause it may be owing to I have been uncommonly harrass'd with disagreeable feelings.—The death of Mr. A. and the dangerous condition of Gowdie perhaps contributed to excite this state of mind. If to this is added the influence of the weather and the want of a steady employment, I believe I shall have enumerated the circumstances which have, for this day, made life rather burdensome to me.—

April 1st. A very pleasant day.—

I spent part of the forenoon with Saltonstall, concerting measures for our examinations.—

I sent to Dr. Mitchill's room half a gallon of wine from Huggett's.—

I applied myself closely to nothing to-day, with the hope of being better prepar'd for answering the questions.

Between 3 and 4 in the afternoon I went to the College to await my *ordeal*, but was oblig'd to run back for my Dissertation which I forgot to bring along. None but Drs. Post, Hamersley and Hosack met; but these were sufficient to employ me for

near an hour.—Saltonstall was next call'd down. After his examination we receiv'd permission to print the Dissertations.—

Another task was then impos'd.—We each received an Aphorism of Hippocrates to comment upon, and a question to be answer'd in writing.—

The Question was this :

“ What changes does the blood undergo in passing thro' the lungs.”—

The Aphorism was the following :

“ In omni morbo mente valere, et bene se habere ad ea qua afferuntur, bonum est : contrarium vero malum.” Hipp. Aph. Sect. 2. Aph. 33.

7th. I met Dr. Hosack in the street, who informed me of the intended establishment of a Botanical Garden.—Enquir'd if Dr. Anderson,\* at St. Vincent, was my uncle, and requested me to interest myself in procuring plants from him.—

I sat awhile with Saltonstall.

I began to comment on the Aphorism.—

12th. I call'd at Dr. Hamersley's and got one of the Histories of Diseases, in order to comment upon it; this being the next step in the graduation business.

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\* He visited this uncle in 1799.

18th. After attending to what business I had to do, I proposed to A. Tiebout a walk in the Jersey. This was agreed to, and accordingly we set off with my Brother about 11 O'clock, and had a pleasant passage to Paules Hook.\*—Our spirits began to rise as we proceeded, and cheerfulness kept us company all the way.—We cross'd Hackinsack river and walk'd a considerable distance along the causeway, but feeling the gnawings of hunger and despairing of reaching Newark in time, we turn'd about and stopp'd at the bridge, where we procur'd a meal of bread, butter and cheese.—We return'd to Paules Hook, found a boat ready to sail, and about 5 O'clock landed safe at the wharf.—I immediately went to see the old negro patient.

21st. This day completes my 21st year.—

This morning I receiv'd the remainder of my Dissertations from Swords's, and paid them £9.16.—I went with A. Tiebout to see the Elephant which has been lately from India. She is only 2 years old, but about the size of a bullock and very plump.—

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\* Paules Hook, Paulus Hook, Paul's Hook, or Pawles Hook, was the same place now known as Jersey City, which is a quite recent name. Hook is Dutch for corner; Kinderhook, children's corner; hookey, playing truant, is literally cornering or hiding in a corner.

The sagacity of the animal was astonishing, and her trunk a great curiosity ; with this she examin'd us carefully and search'd our pockets for something eatable.—

22d. My patients are now reduced to the number four.

In the afternoon my Brother and I went out with an intention of having a sail to Governor's Island ; but not being able to get a passage, we walk'd up the New-road and stopp'd at a house where we drank a bottle of mead.—

28th. This morning I took a walk with my Brother near Lispenard's and enjoyed the delightful landscape enliven'd by the late refreshing shower and the beams of the rising sun.—

After attending to my few patients I crossed the ferry\* to Brooklyn and saw my Aunt & Cousin Katy.—I ate a little bread & butter and return'd home to dinner.

29th. Mr. Herttell sent requesting me to come and draw his deceased wife's likeness ; I went and found

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\* The ferries were then very slow and uncomfortable, particularly in winter. Horse boats began to be used about this time, or boats in which horses, by stepping on a treadmill, gave motion to machinery which drove the vessel forward. Brooklyn at this time had only a few hundred inhabitants.

several of the relations and neighbours collected in the room where she was laid out.—I began to sketch the features of the corpse, although in a very disadvantageous position for that purpose.—The old man entered the room, and his sobs burst forth as he stoop'd over the head of the bed and view'd the original.—The drawing I took with me in order to finish it.—

May 11th. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." How impolitic is it then to defile the soul for a little sordid gain or for the sake of exciting a short-lived pleasure.

12th. This being the Anniversary of Tammany, an oration was deliver'd by Mr. Wortman, in the Old Presbyterian Church.—I attended and heard it. It might be reckon'd an excellent composition, but was almost spoilt by the ungraceful gestures of the orator.—Just as the Society enter'd the church a violent storm of hail began.--

May 13th. A. Tiebout brought me a most excellent medicine; viz. 125 dollars (which I had lent him) and the interest, amounting to 5 dollars.

About twelve O'clock I took my trunk and went down to Mr. Bailey's.—Augustus got ready and we trudg'd down to the boat near the Albany pier. Here we met with a disappointment, for the boat

was not to sail 'till high tide. My fellow traveller began to swear & splutter.—I prevail'd upon him to go home with me and eat some bread and cheese.—Between 3 & 4 we set sail, and, after narrowly escaping being run down by a vessel and breaking an Indiaman's windows, we glided along very pleasantly. When we came in sight of the lighthouse, the wind died away and we must content ourselves with sleeping on board supperless.—A. B. found means to hold a conversation with almost everyone on board.—He began to show us a specimen of his dancing abilities and perform'd a number of manceuvres while I whistled for him.—

14th. I got a nap last night, upon a bed of *down*—right hard wood.—

About 7 this morning we landed at South Amboy.—Breakfasted at the Stage-house, where we met with very good treatment, and then seated ourselves in the Stage, to the number of 14 or 15.—Mr. Ellis, who keeps the Porter House—from London; Corré and his four children going to make ice-cream in Philadelphia; a fat old Quaker; two Scotch travelling traders; a Flat-bush scholar; an old Roman Catholic Irish lady, &c.—With these we jogged on very cheerily, while A. B. was incessantly talking or singing.—When some doses of liquor had rais'd

the Porter House keeper to the due pitch, he entered into an argument with the old lady on Popery & Priestcraft.—Next turn'd his battery against the Quaker and gave him several emphatic oaths.—The Quaker was to be set down on the road,—but it seems he was going off without paying.—This furnish'd a matter of triumph for the rest of our gentry and particularly his opponent.—Before dark we arriv'd at Burlington and din'd or rather supp'd at the Stage-house.—After this we stepp'd on board a boat and sail'd gently down the Delaware.

15th. Sunday. I had another wooden nap last night. On waking early this morning I found myself along side of a wharf in Philadelphia.—Mr. Bailey and I went ashore and stroll'd about the streets.—Met three suspicious-looking fellows who enquir'd what o'clock it was.—My companion snubb'd them up very shortly and we went on. We went on board again and slept 'till daylight.—Left our baggage at one Redmond's, an acquaintance of B.'s, and went in search of a lodging. After a long and fruitless search we return'd to Redmond's and breakfasted.—We were very well treated & were not suffer'd to pay, although the house was a tavern.—We took another walk.—At





King Lear, engraved by Dr. Anderson for an edition of Shakespeare, published by Messrs. Cooleage & Brother.



last we found a lodging in North Fourth street, at Ellist's.

16th. Tolerably recruited by a good night's rest.

After breakfast, he (A. B.) went out, and I was in hopes that I should have at least half the day to myself.—But whom should I meet in a short time after but my gentleman, driving along Front St.—He turn'd about and kept me company.—We saw the ship-yards, &c.—Stopp'd in at a Mead-house and drank some mead.

Visited Peale's Museum in the State-house yard. Went to the Congress-room and listen'd awhile.—We next viewed the Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture (in High St.), which was highly gratifying.—Return'd to our lodgings, and then set off to one Billington's, where A. B. had invited me to dine.—We were very politely treated at this house and entertain'd with Miss Billington's music.—Here again I was in pain for my companion. His conversation and behaviour were absurd. Just after dinner he propos'd a walk to Gray's Gardens. We arriv'd there in less than an hour.—I was delighted with the romantic beauty of this seat.—We got a glass of sangaree & stroll'd over the gardens.—

17th. I rose at 6 this morning and was not a little pleased to hear my fellow-traveller say that

he was just going off for New York. I took a walk after breakfast to enquire for the Baltimore Packet Boats.—Went to Mr. Savage's Columbian Gallery, and spent about an hour very agreeably in viewing the Prints & Paintings.—Next I call'd upon Mr. Cummings,\* who inform'd me of the Medical Commencement.—I found out the College and arriv'd in time to hear the examination of 7 graduates, and saw the Degrees conferr'd.—The Examiners were Drs. Rush, Wistar, Kuhn & Woodhouse.

I met two real Chinese in the street.

18th. This morning I settled with my landlord and put my baggage on board a Newcastle packet. Went to the State-house and view'd the Senate Chamber.—Sat awhile in the Gallery of the Lower-House and look'd over a newspaper which I had got at Claypoole's.—

Walk'd about the city 'till near 12, when I went to Biggs's and sat awhile.—A thought struck me that the vessel might be going off. I hurried down to the wharf and actually beheld it under way in the stream—I call'd to a sailor who was rowing a little boat & prevail'd on him to set me on board.—Gave him 1/6.

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\* He carried a letter of introduction to Mr. Cummings from R. Davis.

The morning was rainy, but it soon clear'd up and we had a pretty favourable breeze.—The view of the country on each side the Delaware was delightful.—

In the afternoon the Capt. brought to the vessel at Marcus Hook, because the wind had shifted; or rather because he had relations in the village who would get the custom of the passengers. I went to another house and din'd upon good bread & butter. The remainder of the afternoon I spent in walking about and viewing the country.—

At dark I went to bed and slept 'till 11, when I found the vessel under way.—Some of the passengers had been playing cards and continued it 'till day-light.—We had on board a Frenchman and a Dutch Jew who were bantering each other about *Bacon* and *Frogs*.—The Jew, at last, exasperated every one on board by declaring that he had lost 13 dollars. The Capt. threaten'd to prosecute him.—

19th. Before day we arrived at New-Castle. Went to the Stage-house and were very ill used, for they refused to give us anything to eat or drink before day-light.—We went to another house and got breakfast.—

Almost every occurrence contributed to render this day disagreeable to me.—At sunrise the appear-

ance of the sky was beautiful, but a rainbow in the west foreboded the rain that soon succeeded.—

About 5 O'clock we stepp'd into the Stage-coach, and between 8 & 9 reach'd French-town, a distance of about 18 miles.—

I caught cold yesterday and had recourse to Buttermilk and cold water; but this was not sufficient to remove it.—The jolting of the stage brought on a violent headache, and the breakfast which I ate at French-town perhaps increas'd it.—The Baltimore Packet lay off at some distance, and we were row'd to her in the rain. This was by no means in my favour; but the worst is to come.—As we were scudding under a heavy gale, and I lay in a berth, I happen'd to draw back the sash of one of the port windows. The vessel suddenly heeled and the water came pouring into my bosom, so that I was completely drenched before the sash could be shut.—A man in the berth below me sprung out of bed as soon as I did, for the water had run thro' and serv'd him in the same way.—This, to be sure, gave rise to some mirth, but it was a poor plaster for me.—

About 8 in the evening we landed at Bowler's wharf in Baltimore, having run 70 miles in 11 hours, (on the Chesapeake).—

According to the Captain's direction I went with

two young men to one Mrs. Edwards's for lodging.—The appearance of the house by no means pleas'd me.—In the back room was a billiard table. The Captain soon came in, and we all drank tea with the landlady, who seem'd very desirous of showing to advantage the little beauty which she possess'd.

Two of us were shown to a small room in which were cramm'd three beds; but we were obliged to stow ourselves into one, while the other two were to be occupied by—we knew not whom—perhaps pick-pockets or highwaymen. I grumbled, and my bed-fellow curs'd the place *up hill and down dale*.

20th. I have suffer'd much to-day. It cannot therefore be expected that I have much to say on any other subject than my complaints.

I rose at 5 this morning, and, happening to look in a glass, found my cheek so swell'd that I bore a great resemblance to a monkey on one side of my face.—Having paid for my entertainment, I took a walk and found out an Apothecary of whom I got some volatile liniment.—Return'd to the Packet-boat, and anointed my cheek with it.—This afforded a temporary relief.—I went to another shop and got a plaster, which I clapp'd on, and then went to look for lodgings.—I found out a Mrs. Lavelly, an old Quaker-looking body, and engaged with her.

After breakfast I walk'd out, and in the vicinity of the city pick'd up some minerals. I went to a third Apothecary and bought a dose of *Jalap* and *Nitre* which I took immediately.—I soon experienced the good effects of its operation, and, after I had drunk some tea, felt the truth of the observation that *Pleasure* consists chiefly in relief from *pain*.—How insipid would Life be without intervals of pain, care, anxiety and disappointment!

21st. This is a place of great business;—so busy are the people that they have not yet had time to put up at the corners the names of the streets. The town is not yet incorporated, although it has often been propos'd in the Assembly—so great is the spirit of Democracy which reigns here.—

I spent most of the forenoon in walking about the town. From a bank opposite the bay I collected some specimens of iron ore which appears to form a stratum at the depth of a foot or two under the town and all the adjacent country. Contiguous to it are beds of red ochre in many places.

After dinner I took a walk with a young man who lodges at the same house with me, and view'd the works and machinery of a mill. I spent the remainder of the afternoon in walking about. Follow'd the course of a stream call'd *Jones's Falls*,







which turns several mills, and whose borders, grac'd with trees, form some enchanting scenes.—

22d. Sunday. I paid off my old landlady this morning and put my baggage on board the same boat in which I came, to return to Philadelphia. At 9 we set sail from Baltimore with a fair wind.—Several jokes were thrown out about the Capt. and the handsome widow, his landlady.—

I sav'd the expense of a dinner, which would have been a dollar, by a fit of sea-sickness coming on me very seasonably for the good of my purse by the mortification of my body.—Among the passengers was a young lady *of pleasure*, (if such an abuse of words may be allowed).—She was pale and sickly, but struck the fancy of the Capt. who was very familiar with her.—

At 6 we arriv'd at French-town, and after getting some bread and butter stepp'd into the stage.—At this time of the day the ride was very pleasant.—There were three sisters in the stage, rough country girls deck'd off with their best clothes. A young Philadelphia Quaker, who sat near me, soon had his arm round one of them and was bussing her with a very good-will during the journey.—A fellow from somewhere back in the woods went through the same ceremony with another, and a

young Irishman was chattering nonsense with the third.

At 9 we reach'd New-Castle, and some of us procur'd supper and very good lodging at a small tavern instead of the Stage-house.—

23d. The young Irishman, my bed-fellow, inform'd me that I had been "talking Latin and the devil & all," in my sleep, and had started up once or twice.—

We set sail about 8 O'clock with a very favourable wind, and at 12 arrived at the wharf in Philadelphia.—I went to my old lodgings, and din'd.

24th. I was call'd up this morning at 2 O'clock to take my seat in the stage. I paid 6 dollars and gave something to the man who call'd me up, and then got into the stage-wagon, where I found a young man. The morning was rainy and cold. The rain clear'd off later, however, and the country appear'd to great advantage. Every turn presented us with a succession of charming landscapes.

We din'd at New Brunswick, and here we were join'd by two gentlemen and a very handsome young lady.—She affected to be mightily alarm'd at one of the horses, who was somewhat unruly, and must needs turn about and sit with her back to them.—

Arrived at Paules Hook about 6 O'clock.—Had a tedious passage across the river & once more enter'd

New-York.—Found my Father's family all in health.

June 4th. I receiv'd a letter from Mr. Van Zandt, containing an account of the state of his child, together with a request that I would see it.—Went to Titus's and desir'd him to furnish me with a horse.—I got one which gave me such a rattling as I have not had in a long time—for it seems that he went the faster the more he was held in.—So expeditious was he that my journey of 5 miles and back again was perform'd in about an hour; but not without some risque of running over people in the street and the hazard of "spilling me off" while driving along like *Johnny Gilpin*.

14th. I began to enter upon my new mode of life, which is the following:—I make my home at my rooms,\* and sleep there; but eat at my Father's.—

Got a slate and fix'd up in my entry, & nail'd up my sign, and perform'd some other important operations.

20th. I had agreed to make one of a party to view the magic lanthorn in the evening.—Went to Bailey's where I found my Mother, and after tea attended Miss Harriet to the Museum with the rest.—

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\* 31 Liberty Street, for which he paid £30 rent.

Here we heard some music and then proceeded to the *Menagerie* and seated ourselves in Mr. Baker's\* little observatory.—Saw the exhibitions of the magic lanthorn.—Had mead and cakes, and upon the whole pass'd the time very agreeably.

23d. In my visit to the poor consumptive woman,† a group of humiliating circumstances presented

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\* Gardiner Baker was then the keeper of the curiosities of the Tammany Society. This society was organized on the 12th of May, 1789, about two weeks after General Washington had taken the oath of office as President of the United States. The first Sachem was William Mooney, and Gardiner Baker was Wiskinskie, or doorkeeper. The next year it founded a museum with somewhat the same objects in view which the Historical Society had later. "A room was granted for its use in the City Hall" (then at the corner of Nassau and Wall streets, where the Sub-Treasury is now), "and Gardiner Baker was appointed to take charge of the collection. In 1794 it was removed to a brick building standing directly in the middle of the street at the intersection of Broad and Pearl streets, called the Exchange. The lower part was used as a market, but the upper part, being light and airy, was well calculated for displaying the many curiosities which now by the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Baker had been collected. He had taken so much pains and incurred so much expense in getting it up that he could, with good reason, make a claim upon it. It was therefore given up to him, upon condition that it should be forever known as the Tammany Museum, in honor of its founders, and that each member of the Society and his family should have free access to it. This museum, after the death of Baker, was sold to Mr. W. J. Waldron, and after passing through various hands formed the foundation of what was afterwards called Scudder's Museum, in Chatham street."—*R. G. Horton, in Valentine's Manual for 1865*, p. 860.

† He had seen her the previous day.

themselves to me.—The sick woman was struggling against the disease and the sad news of her son's death.—The old house, built in the ancient Dutch style, was shattered and disjoin'd in several places, and seem'd ready to fall upon its wretched tenant.—This might appear to be the summit of human misery.—Yet, how unable are we to measure good & evil by the external appearances of things!—The woman appears composed, and looks forward with serenity to death.—

July 2d. The Capt.\* call'd on me, agreeably to his promise and settled my bill, £5.11, for attendance on 6 of his hands. The attendance upon the *Hospital Ship*, as the Captain calls her, was a profitable job for me. My success in the treatment of the sick was greater than I could expect.

4th. Anniversary of American Independence.

About 10 O'clock I went to Mr. Mabie's in Pearl Street, and from his windows had a view of the procession. Mr. Mabie entertained the company very genteelly and had provided a variety of refreshments.

I exerted myself to get my business done in order that I might join in the plan of recreation which our

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\* Capt. Soper of the ship *Amy*.

Family & A. Tiebout were to be engaged in.—This was the plan.—We were to take a coach ride to Gray's, spend the afternoon there and make ourselves as happy as possible.—These objects we all accomplish'd ; at least I can speak for myself.—A. Tiebout, my brother and I took a walk to a house of Entertainment a little farther up the Greenwich road, and got some lemonade.—We went to a meadow adjacent and diverted ourselves with tumbling and jumping 'till we were pretty well exercis'd and had acquired an appetite. Return'd to Gray's & took coffee.

The coachman was to return at 6 ; but in this he disappointed us. A. Tiebout and I walk'd on ; the rest of the company met the carriage by the way. At home I found my mother in high spirits and much pleas'd with our entertainment.

11th. The afternoon pass'd pretty agreeably betwixt business and study.—In the evening A. Tiebout call'd on me, and we went to Delacroix's Ice-house—a place of Entertainment lately fitted up—ate some ice cream, and then took a walk on the Battery.

25th. I have experienced the hurtful effects of too much sleep, having lain till near 6 for several mornings past ; and have uniformly found an uncommon





From "The Life of Benjamin Franklin," engraved by Dr. Anderson for Messrs. Coonledge & Brother.



languor and disagreeable affection of the head remaining through the day.

August 3d. A. Telford and I have started some notions about flying, which from several considerations appears practicable by man.—T. is to make some machinery for an experiment.

4th. I found three others of my patients in an unfavourable situation.—I began to feel like a mariner benighted among shoals & quicksands.—One of Mrs. Harris's friends proposed sending for another Physician.—I requested that she would first try the application of a blister plaster over her stomach. She did, and in a short time the pain was entirely removed. In the evening I saw the three other patients again, and had reason to think I could avoid the shoals & quicksands, with the blessing of Providence.

5th. This forenoon I took a walk to the house where G. Baker's family have removed. It is about a mile from town, adjoining to the spot of ground now inclosing for the ascent of the balloon. Mr. Blanchard was busy with the balloon which cover'd the floor of a large room.

Last evening I ate two glasses of ice-cream with the hope of curing a cold.—This did not answer the purpose effectually.—After tea I took a dose of salts.

7th. Sunday. I have been very much under the influence of *fear*, this day. For some wise intention of Providence I have been harrass'd with such disagreeable feelings that Life was rather a burden to me. In spite of all my endeavours to attain Fortitude and Resignation to whatever happens a fear of future evil has depress'd my spirits.

I found Mrs Egbert rather worse, and hence arose a degree of anxiety.—The family express'd a wish to have Dr. Rogers call'd in.—Somehow or other I have imbibed such a dread of consultations that the name struck me very disagreeably.—I believe this antipathy may be trac'd to Pride, and Ambition to act without the aid of others.

16th. I heard of an incident really laughable.—One of Debow's patients had, in the beginning of his complaint, sent for a person who called himself Dr. Smith.—This doctor, in the first place, gave the poor fellow an emetic, and then desired him to send for some brandy to bathe him with. But it seems that the doctor had a great partiality for the internal use of such a medicine, and made so free with it that he was obliged to lie down beside his patient. The poor fellow found him a very unruly bed-fellow, for he was almost press'd to death by the doctor.—“For God's-sake, Doctor, do get up, or I shall

be jamm'd to death," cries the patient.—At last he made out to precipitate him to the floor, and there he lay 'till morning.—He then went out to look for his hat which had fallen out of the window as he lean'd his head on the edge.—The Dr. was dismiss'd because his patient did not like *compression* in fevers.

September 1st. A. Tiebout came & was very merry.—I play'd a few tunes and we were both in a merry key. He accompanied me to my shop.—J. Ferguson came in and a few jokes & jibes passed.—We heard a cry of "Stop thief."—Ferguson started up, upset a chair & frightened my landlady prodigiously.—We ran out, and saw a gentleman collar'ing a fellow & declaring that his comrade had stolen his hat off his head.—We follow'd on with the crowd, and enter'd the watch-house.—The gentleman desir'd the prisoner would be taken care of, and promised to appear against him in the morning. "At 5 O'clock," says one of the watchmen.—"At 5!" answer'd the plaintiff; "why I shan't be up 'till 9."—The crowd seemed highly diverted with this affair. The man was next taken to Alderman Furman's, where I left him pleading his innocence.

6th. In the evening I took the drops to Van Vleck's. Heard some music from the young ladies.

Here I sat above an hour, not from choice, for company was dropping in and I wish'd myself away long before.—The foolish fear of appearing awkward in taking leave imposed this restraint upon me.

9th. I went & got a ticket for my Brother in the *Harvard College* Lottery. This is a present from my Mother; but the matter is to be conceal'd from him 'till the drawing. If a prize turns up,\* he is to have it; if a blank, no harm is done.—My Mother offer'd me a share in this ticket, but I refus'd it.

24th. Mrs. Penny display'd herself in a most ridiculous light, with the aid of her dear liquor.—I met her just by the door, as I was coming out.—She was staggering and bawling with a voice like a boatswain. “Dr. Anderson,” says she, “these are fine doings; all the girls and married women falling in love with you.”—I made the best of my way out to avoid the thunder of her eloquence.

October 4th. I got a sawyer to procure me some hickory wood. He brought me two loads.—I have bespoke two more, and when my chimney is swept may bid defiance to the cold—at least within my own precincts. I met Mr. Van Vleck this afternoon. He turn'd about and took me to see a little boy

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\* The ticket drew a prize of \$16.

with an abscess on the thigh.—I find something very agreeable in Mr. V. V. He appears to pass through life with such an easy indifference, though by no means an inactive member of society. He is entertaining in conversation, a warm Republican, and fond of relating & hearing the news; and on such occasions, seems to be much interested in the fate of nations.

8th. Among the transactions of this day I find none really worthy of notice.—The fact is, my thoughts have been directed towards a certain object, in spite of my employments. Whether novelty may have founded a temporary attachment for this object,\* or whether the anxiety which mingles itself with these reflections denotes some stronger impression, I dare not yet pronounce.—At present I find it incumbent on me to proceed with cautious steps and to obviate disappointment by repressing all sanguine hopes of happiness.—

17th. My Father had been invited to Van Vleck's this evening to hear the young ladies' music.—I went there about 7. The room was filled with company. The time pass'd away very agreeably, and I found it 10 O'clock before I was ready to start.

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\* Miss Ann Van Vleck, whom he married on the 16th of the following April.

My Father was highly pleas'd with his entertainment.—“It's a heavenly family ;” says he, “ I don't wonder that the boys are fascinated with them.”

18th. This evening was pitch'd upon for viewing the Museum by a party of us.—I had the pleasure of waiting upon Miss N. who was much delighted with the experiments in electricity.—My Brother's attempts to kiss Miss Jane, while insulated, excited no small mirth, when they were separated by the fire flying from their noses.

25th. Mr. Hyslop, an old acquaintance of my Father's came for me to see his servant girl. He introduc'd me to Mr. Roberts, an ingenious young man lately from Scotland.—I went up into his room with him. His business is engraving, and he has made considerable proficiency in that art without any instructions.—In one corner of his room stood several instruments of music, and his manner of handling the clarionet proves him to have a good ear for music.

November 4th. I spent most of the evening at Van Vleck's, and heard Miss Nancy play on the Forte Piano.—I gave them some tunes on my flageolet, which I had in my pocket.—Miss N. presented me with a piece of wedding cake, *to dream upon*.

December 6th. I spent the afternoon chiefly in





**DR. ALEXANDER ANDERSON.**

**(Engraved by himself in his eighty-first year.)**



drawing, and at candle-light finish'd an emblematical picture (the Temple of Hymen).—

In the evening, notwithstanding the rain, I went to Van Vleck's, and presented the picture to Miss N.—Heard some music on the Harpsichord.

9th. I was rous'd last night to witness a scene truly awful. About 1 O'clock the fire bells began. I listen'd and thought I heard somebody in the street say that a store near the Coffee-house was on fire.—I hurried on my clothes, and ran with trepidation towards my Father's. I had the satisfaction to find that it was not on his side of the way, but on the other, and some distance below on the wharf.—The flames were bursting from a store, and the people were crowding goods into my Father's and around the door.—I assisted in taking care of them for above an hour. The wind was not high, but the fire spread rapidly among the wooden stores, and by 4 O'clock reign'd master of the whole block extending to the Fly-Market.\* The cutting down of the market and the exertions of the firemen put a

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\* At the time the first, or Vlaie Market, was built, a creek extended through Pearl Street from Maiden Lane to the East River. The term "Fly Market" is a corruption of the one originally adopted, Vlaie, meaning to imply the valley or meadow market.

stop to its progress in that direction. I served in the ranks near the market 'till I saw that the conflagration was check'd.—

14th. The Rev'd Mr. Pilmore enter'd Mr. Bates's room just as I was going to take my leave. His behaviour was really disgusting to me. After expressing his concern for Mr. Bates, he rose from his chair and was much afraid that he had taken my seat, and with that, ran across the room and handed another to me. He then address'd himself to the company and assur'd them that he was very happy to see me,—that I was a person “who fear'd God,” &c. I wish'd them good day and hurried off.

G. Warner, Junr. came up to me to-day, and urg'd me to go and vote at the Poll. I went to the City Hall\* and look'd in at the door; but my heart fail'd me and I turn'd back.—

16th. I made my appearance at the Poll and gave in my vote for a Representative.—I should have overlook'd this business entirely if Azariah Williams had not urg'd me very earnestly.

31st. Pleasant weather for the last day of the year. I undertook to make a cure of Thomas Hol-

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\* The old City Hall, at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets.

lock, the hypochondriac man, who has, for a long time, "suffered many things of many Physicians." My chief dependence is on Opium. I stopp'd at Van Vleck's this forenoon, and there I learnt that Miss N. would be at Dr. Young's in the evening.—I went there about 6.—Sat awhile and play'd a few tunes.—Miss N. and I were pretty well banter'd about getting married, particularly by John Herttell —We came away between 7 and 8. Went to the Moravian Church ; but did not go in, for we sat in a room of the adjoining house by a good fire, where we could hear distinctly enough.



## DIARY FOR 1797.

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January 1st. In the evening my Brother and I went to Mr. Van Vleck's. Mr. Rausch was there at the Piano Forte and Mr. V. closely attending him. Mr. Horneké was sitting and playing pranks with the young ladies.—The latter took his leave, and we set off for Dr. Young's with Misses N. and J.—Spent part of the evening there, and then walked to my Father's.

I took the liberty to salute Miss N. with a kiss, at parting.

My Father, my Brother and I call'd on Mr. Banks, to-day, and wish'd him the compliments of the season.—A neglect of this would have been an unpardonable affront. The old gentleman lays in 70 wt of cakes for his acquaintance on such occasions.

22d. Sunday. Miss N. Van Vleck drank tea and spent the evening with us. By the aid of my

Mother we came to an explanation, and I had the happiness to hear Miss N. consent to our union for life, before next May.

February 14th. Mr. Van Vleck inform'd me of a vacant house in Beekman Street.\* We went and view'd it. The rent is £130, which, at the present rate, is not extravagant. Miss N's approbation of it almost determin'd me to engage the house.—

15th. This morning I went and bespoke the house.—Mr. Roe, the person who lets it, mention'd something about security, as we were strangers to each other. However, he did not urge the necessity of that, after my Father had an interview with him.—An obligation was sign'd by each of us and the business was over.

17th. Mrs. Neil call'd on me again to make some enquiries about the Health Committee.—She began to dilate on her usual theme, the abuses at the Hospital on the Island. I was fairly tired of her talk before she left me. As to attending her family *gratis*, I am willing at any time, and have done so ; but the thought struck me that she would be better employed in taking care of her little children than in talking me to death.

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\* 45 Beekman Street.

20th. To-day I had a sight of *Palmer*, the blind preacher, together with *Stuart* the Pedestrian. The first, a Deist, and the latter, an Atheist.—I was at Fellows's Library when *Stuart* came in, leading the other.—A very odd conversation took place between these two champions and Mr. Fellows, in which *Stuart* display'd the singular turn of his mind in forcible language. The others laugh'd heartily at his idea of praying to the audience instead of the Deity.

21st. I went to the Assembly room in William Street & view'd the paintings there exposed for sale. I spent part of the afternoon & evening with Miss N.—I proposed a walk, to which she agreed, although she had two blisters behind her ears.—We ascended Bunker Hill\* in our way, and from thence took a view of the city.

23d. I invited Miss N. to accompany me to the Theatre this evening. Persuaded my Father and Mother to join the party. We procured the

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\* Bayard's Mount, sometimes called Bunker Hill, was a high hill, overlooking all the surrounding country, and situated near the present Grand and Centre streets. It was on the farm of Nicholas Bayard, which extended along the west side of the Bowery from Canal street South to Bleecker street on the North, and across Broadway to Macdougall street on the West, and comprised more than sixty of our present city blocks.



front seat of one of the side boxes.—The Comedy was *Speculation* and the Entertainment, *Don Juan*, or the Libertine Destroy'd. At 11 "the farce was over," and I attended my partner home.—

March 3d. It is lucky for me that I have but little business to attend to, for that circumstance gives me a better opportunity of completing my present *hobby-horse*.

Old Mr. Boyd, for whom I had prepared a certain medicine, call'd for it this morning. He jok'd me about marrying *his* girl (as he calls her). Mr. Holloway came to get his forehead dressed. He has receiv'd a wound with a very singular weapon ; viz. another person's head, which came in contact with his last night, while walking the street.

4th. This afternoon the public were amused with a balloon sent up by Blanchard.—To the balloon was suspended a Parachute with some live animals, which at a considerable height was disengaged from the balloon and fell to the ground.—The descent was very rapid and must have given the poor dogs and cats little chance for their lives. My Brother and I went to Van Vleck's, and from the roof of his house had a good view of the fate of the balloon, which after traversing far to the eastward caught fire and fell.—

10th. Having consider'd the numerous instances of the good effects of Joyce's Balsam and having been furnish'd with the recipe by my Grand-mother, I began to collect the ingredients, and in the course of the afternoon made above two pounds of it.—The preparation of this, according to my Grand-mother's process, would have been a business of several days.—

28th. I have been troubled with very disagreeable feelings to-day.—Can it be possible that the Moon has so great an influence on our bodies. I really have reason to confess its unaccountable operation, from observations on myself.

April 16th. Sunday. I went to Church in the evening and heard a discourse from Mr. Moore; waited for him at the door and walk'd with him to Van Vleck's.—There, encircled by a room full of company, Miss Ann Van Vleck gave me her hand, and we were united in the bonds of Wedlock.—A propitious hour to me, in which the most amiable of her sex, blooming with innocence and beauty, became *mine*.

27th. I drank tea at Van Vleck's with a room full of young ladies, and on such a *trying* occasion I was obliged to make great exertions to behave easy.—I must say that I could face the *yellow fever*,

with all its horrors, with more composure than a strange company.

29th. This afternoon I went with Mrs. A. to Greenwood's and saw him fix an artificial tooth in her jaw.—His price was 3 dollars.

May 28th. I had several things to attend to, &, among others, to draw a sketch of a ticket for the Hospital, from an idea of Dr. Mitchill's—*Apollo destroying the Python*, which he supposes is an allegory of the power of the Sun in dissipating contagious matter.

June 3d. This forenoon I found the difficulty of breathing return.—I was determined to try the effects of wine in this case, not from a fondness for that liquor, but from a conviction of its necessity.—I set off to go to the new *Vauxhall*, but, through a mistake, enter'd the house next to it and was serv'd with a glass of ice-cream instead of wine. I dispatch'd the cream, and, after viewing a *Camera obscura*, came away.—I took several glasses of wine at my Father's without feeling any intoxication, but with some relief from my complaint.—As a supplement to these I went in the afternoon to the real *Vauxhall*, and drank two glasses of wine and water.—By means of this remedy I enjoy'd the luxury of breathing, but withal discover'd that it had brought

on some giddiness, although not enough to make me stagger.—I went off rejoicing in my success, but I might have been condemn'd as a wine-bibber by a person ignorant of the animal economy.

4th. Sunday. In the afternoon I was again gasping for breath, and again (sad alternative) went to Vauxhall and drank half a pint of wine.—It had as good an effect as the former.—

This may appear as the commencement of a habit of drinking.—God forbid !—I have reason to think that I have by this means escaped the attack of fits, to which I am certainly disposed by the slighter affections of that kind in the night.

13th. This day we spent at our new place of residence.\* I went to market early in the morning and brought home a leg of lamb and green peas which furnish'd our dinner, with the help of some strawberries &c. ! I engaged a little girl (Jane More) to do house work at two dollars a month.—She enter'd upon her service this morning.

20th. This afternoon, according to arrangement, a party was to be made up for a ride to Belle-vue. This was chiefly for the sake of gratifying my Grand-mother, who, with my Father and Mother,

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\* 45 Beckman Street.





call'd on us with a carriage about 3 O'clock. We stepp'd in after leaving Helen with the care of the house. Soon reach'd Belle-vue. Old Fisher is recovering. We procur'd some cherries, and, after viewing the beauties of the situation, set off again; and next seated ourselves at Palmer's about 6 or 7 miles from town.—Here we had coffee. Return'd between 7 and 8 O'clock.

26th. This forenoon I had a long walk under a hot sun; to the Ship-yards, to Dr. Young's and from that up the Post-road to see a patient near Potter's field.—I was employ'd there thro' the means of Marshall the Grave-digger.—(It is not the first time Physicians and Grave-diggers have thrown business into each other's hands.)

July 12. My mind has been occupied with a scheme which may appear a piece of presumption in such a novice in Natural History.—My scheme is, to establish, if practicable, a system of Botany on the Fruit of plants.—If this should turn out to be a *fruitless* endeavour, it may at least serve to throw some useful knowledge in my way.

20th. In the evening we had a sort of a frolic. My Brother came in and dress'd himself in a suit of Helen's clothes, while she put on a suit of mine.—Thus equipp'd and escorted by J. Dougall, Miss

Jane, Mr. A. and myself, they took a walk, and sat awhile with my Mother. She did not discover the metamorphosis, nor had the least suspicion of the disguised couple who were introduced under fictitious names, 'till after they were gone.

26th. I prepar'd a piece of Box-wood, and began to engrave a device after one of Bewick's.

27th. I finish'd engraving the cut and got an impression of it at Sword's. C. Tiebout, who was examining it in the evening, complimented me on the neatness of the work.

29th. I have now but little business of the medical kind to attend to, and have therefore devoted some of my time to engraving.—This latter kind of employment has not as yet yielded any profit, for I have only been making experiments and practicing.—The beautiful specimens of *Bewick's* work have been the means of stimulating me to improve in the art of engraving on wood.—

30th. Sunday. It seems that my Brother, conceiving that he had a real affection for J. V. V., had engaged himself to her, provided she would wait a year or two.—For some time past his conduct towards her has been much altered, & the following seems to be the cause. He had been drawing my Father's will, and discover'd that such an union as he in-



tended would be the means of cutting him off peniless. What adds to the absurdity of his conduct is that he desired my wife to acquaint Miss J. with the latter circumstance.

31st. This day I paid 22 dollars 4 cents for *real* and *personal* taxes.

The dreadful period call'd Quarter day approaches. I have been drawing on the Bank, but the tax gatherer has made too great a hole in the sum I had allotted for rent.—

I have been planning a scheme for the publication of children's books. Had some conversation with M. McFarlane on that subject.

August 4th. I hired a room in Fair Street,\* of Nath. Kimberly, for £14, for the remainder of the year—('till next May.) In this room I propose to open a *Liliputian Bookstore*, under the care of some honest young lad.—McFarlane is to print the books, and I shall engrave the cuts.—I have already finish'd several, having spent the chief part of the afternoon at them.—

This project may be reckon'd rather out of my line. I confess it is, but the leisure time which this healthy season allows me may as well be spent at an Art which I have taken some pains to learn.

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\* Now Fulton.

My prospects of profit from this undertaking are but small.—I shall reckon myself lucky if I can clear my expenses.

9th. I bought a log of Box-wood, at Mr. Turk's, for engraving.

17th. This forenoon I went to witness a spectacle somewhat uncommon in this city, and which on account of its novelty drew together a great concourse of people. It was the execution of *Mr. Young* for the murder of *Barwick*, a sheriff.—The unhappy criminal was turn'd off, between 11 & 12 O'clock, on the New-road, surrounded by the soldiery.—He appear'd composed and resigned.

18th. I procur'd some asbestos paper from Mr. Baker, in order to make an incombustible wick to a lamp ; but could not make it answer the purpose.

19th. I have had 2000 copies of one book struck off, so that as soon as I can procure a lad I shall be ready to open my little bookstore.

23d. Mc. Farlane show'd me a proof of the second little book, the workmanship of which pleased me very much.

I went, according to A. Tiebout's direction, to one Miller, a mulatto, and applied to him for his son as a shop-keeper.—He inform'd me that he had put him to a sail-maker, on trial.—In the afternoon he

call'd on me, and concluded to let me have his son on the following terms.—He is to attend the book-store and stitch the books. His pay is to be 2/ per day, and I am to give him some instructions in engraving on wood.

24th. This morning my lad enter'd upon his employment and appears to be very handy at every part of it.—I finish'd engraving the cuts for another book, and deliver'd them to McFarlane.

25th. This afternoon, according to summons, I attended the *Court Martial* to show cause why I had not appear'd on parade. The sight of my Certificate was sufficient to procure me a dismissal even before the court had fully form'd.

My wife and I, together with Mr. Van Vleck's family, went with Capt. Merry to drink tea on board the *Triton*, a Swedish brig, at Jackson's wharf.—The two Captains were very attentive and obliging.—The ladies play'd on a fine Harpsichord which was placed in the cabin. Mr. Piatti, a foolish, conceited little Italian, was cutting capers about, and, after tossing down some wine, grew rather noisy. Saw several views of Mount Vesuvius.—Return'd home between 8 and 9 O'clock.

September 2d. In the afternoon I engrav'd a cut to be prefix'd to an advertisement in the *Argus*.—

It is emblematical and quite apropos to my Liliputian Bookstore!—Several children are represented playing and two of them in the act of quarreling. The Devil is preparing to claw them, but is assailed by the spear of Minerva who is at the same time presenting a small book to the children.

Some desponding thoughts are now and then popping in along with the Bookstore; but *pride* and *shame* forbid me to retreat until I have given the plan a fair chance.

18th. I came to a resolution of dismissing my lad, and sending my books (of which I have above 7000) to my Father's Auction.\*

This was disagreeable news to the lad who was fix'd in a snug berth, and was earning 3/ every day; but poor I had not receiv'd enough from the sales to pay his wages. Well, this pretty scheme of mine must be broken up, for these reasons as well as some others. It has been a very clever hobby-horse for me, but has almost thrown me in the mud, for the expenses have run up to £25, or thereabouts.—The printer has had a good job of it, & I have gain'd a lesson, and must have patience while the money comes slowly dribbling in.

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\* At 77 Wall Street.



**The Baker's Dream.**



**Pharaoh's Dream.**



21st. I met Mr. Pilmore at Jn. Post's.—He was displaying his oratory on the subject of Citizenship, and inveighing against the importation of Irish emigrants to the great injury of the worthy Americans.

28th. My Bookstore scheme has cost me about £30.—Whether I shall ever receive my own money for the books is somewhat doubtful. They go off pretty well at my Father's.

October 8th. Sunday. Our little servant girl has been displaying her impudence & obstinacy very freely today, in consequence of which we have resolved to look out for another.

12th. I had the pleasure to find most of my patients in a thriving way.—I was not so successful in the business of money hunting.—

I engaged a little girl to live with us—a daughter of Jacob Rhineheart (Public Porter), at 10/ a month.

22d. Sunday.—Dr. Debow intimated that he expected I would be so obliging as to bail him out of Jail.—I inform'd him of my resolution in that business, and assur'd him that I profess'd no friendship to any person so ardent as to injure myself.—

26th. This afternoon I went to Dr. Young's, and drank tea. Was detain'd 'till near dark before tea was over.—I then hurried off my wife and her sisters, with an expectation of getting in time to the

New Circus.—On entering the Circus I was surprised at the beauty of the decorations, the painting of the scenes and the dresses of the actors. I was highly entertain'd 'till 10 O'clock with the equestrian performances and the Pantomime of *Peter of Provence*.

November 20th. This evening I concluded to treat myself with a visit to the Theatre in Greenwich St.—My Father & Brother agreed to accompany me.—After drinking tea at my Mother's we proceeded to the Play-house, and took a convenient seat in the pit. The Play was "All for Love, or the World Well Lost."—The Entertainments were "Shelty's Frolic" and "Harlequin's Invasion."—Between the acts we were obliged to stamp with our feet to keep warm.

December 4th. I made myself a sort of busybody today.—I had been inform'd that the Bank Bills were to be engraven on wood by *Bewick* (in Newcastle upon Tyne), but I had also been inform'd, upon good authority, that this celebrated engraver was the person who had counterfeited the French assignats for the British Government. In consequence of this latter information I took the liberty to write to the Cashier of the New York Bank, and gave him a caution.—It may be supposed that I was not uninter-



ested in the business, as the job would have been very acceptable; but I never should have interfer'd had I not heard the story of the assignats.

13th. I undertook to execute a small wooden cut for Mr. Kirk, Printer; and in the evening a young gentleman came to enquire whether I still engrav'd, and employ'd me to prepare 4 stamps for the Post Office.—

My medical business kept me stirring about during most of the day.

15th. Rainy weather, but warm. I finish'd the Stamps and receiv'd 2 dollars for them.

27th. In the evening I engrav'd a wooden cut.—Undertook to engrave the Title of "The Rural Magazine" under the employ of Tanner.—Applied to Milns to sketch the letters in his masterly style.

29th. I finish'd the Newspaper title this evening.

## DIARY FOR 1798.

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January 2d. I formed a scheme for engraving a Skeleton on wood, of a large size, about 4 feet by 2.—Began to execute my scheme, and for that purpose borrow'd the large edition of Albinus from Dr. Chickering. Pasted together some paper for drawing the sketch, and repair'd the book which was somewhat torn.

8th. Full of a new scheme—no less than building a new System of Botany.—

I deliver'd the patterns for my anatomical plate to a Cabinet-maker to have the wood prepared.

I saw my Burlesque *Ode on the Five Senses* in the "Time-piece."

30th. I took an oath for Debow at Mr. Kent's, having put up his advertisement on the Jail door for six Mondays successively, agreeably to the *Act of Insolvency*.

February 3d. I engaged a house in Liberty St. of James Shaw, at £90 and taxes.

6th. This morning I went to the Tontine Tavern, and regaled myself with a view of Mr. Baker's painting of Gen'l Washington, by Stuart. It is allowed by all to be a masterpiece.—The music of the concert clock was an addition to our entertainment.—Mr. Baker was busy repairing a barrel organ.

I have been very much push'd for money, and my fruitless endeavours to collect it have put me in the dumps.

8th. Very cold weather.—I spent almost the whole day in repairing the injury which the sudden change has done to my wooden plates, by cracking them.

10th. I made great preparations in the garret for printing one of my plates, and in the afternoon procur'd a proof of it.

12th. I have finish'd my weighty job of engraving, at last, and must now set myself to work to print it.—My method of doing it is this: The plate is laid on a table in the garret, the paper properly moisten'd is applied over it, and on that some loose paper. Over all is placed a level board cover'd with flannel, and a strong pressure is applied to it by means of a lever. The board is then removed

and all the papers except one which covers the printed sheet; this is rubbed with a smooth piece of box-wood, and the business is done.

On the 6th of this month we engaged Nancy Prow as a servant, at 12/ per month.

16th. I got another quire of large paper for printing, and made great preparations for the business.—Struck off a few Skeletons.

21st. Busy at finishing off my books and printing Skeletons, as well as waiting on living skeletons.—I have been considering the means of lessening my expenses. In order to remove one considerable source, I took an opportunity at bed-time to mention to my wife the impropriety of her sister Helen's further stay with us, and insisted peremptorily that she should leave us.—The subject had been canvass'd in my mind for some time. I had been press'd for want of money, and a sort of desperation drove me to this resolution, however disagreeable it might be to wound the feelings of one so dear to me. I had reason to repent my rashness; her tender nature could not bear so rude a shock. After some expostulations with me she fell into a state of the most pitiful distraction, and exhibited such a deplorable picture of misery as would defy all attempts at description.





I tried every means of relief, and partly relinquished my proposal, to calm the mind of a person now doubly amiable in my eyes.

22d. 'Twas past 3 O'clock this morning before we clos'd our eyes. The night was stormy and every thing seem'd to render the scene awful. Towards evening it clear'd up and became pleasant. My wife resembled a corpse this morning, but began to recover her health and cheerfulness by the little attentions I took pains to show her.

March 17th. I set myself to work at sawing out and rasping blocks of box-wood, and in the course of the day turn'd out 34 of them.

April 2d. Some days ago I propos'd to A. Tiebout the publication of *Bewick's History of Quadrupeds*, on the following terms. The Cuts, which form a material part of the work, were to be engrav'd on wood by myself at the rate of half a dollar each.—All other expenses were to be answer'd by him, and each of us was to receive a proportional share of the profits.—This evening he agreed to make trial of a half-sheet to be sent round with the proposals.—I began to prepare the cuts.

May 1st. This day we entirely completed the important business of removing.\* In the afternoon I

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\* To Liberty St.

went to V. Vleck's, and found myself so much worn out that I was oblig'd to lie down. I toss'd about in much pain for two hours. Mr. V. Vleck presented me with £10.

9th. This day is appointed by the President for a Fast, Thanksgiving &c., but as my opinions did not exactly tally with those of his Excellency I did not make a holiday of it.

14th. I cover'd about 400 books to-day. After tea I took a walk, and sketch'd off a plant.

18th. I went into Giffings's, and got a pint of porter, an action rather novel to me, but dictated more from a desire of experiencing its effects than from compliance with custom.

July 2d. The little boy has lain in fits all the afternoon, attended with a diarrhœa and violent fever.—At my wife's request I went for Mr. Moore, and had him christen'd *John Alfred*.

Thermometer at 93° in the shade.—

3d. I was up all night trying every method for the relief of my little boy, but in vain, for he died at 2 this morning.\*

At day-break I took a walk, and, happening to find myself near a Cabinet-maker's, I knock'd him up, and bespoke a coffin.

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\* He was only three months old, having been born April 5th.



I spent a great part of the day in running about to arrange matters for the funeral. At 5 went off in a coach with my Father, Brother and Mr. Moore to St. Paul's Church, and saw the remains interred next to those of my Brother William.

5th. I have made considerable exertions to procure my wife a suit of mourning, from an expectation of its diverting her mind. To oblige her I have worn a crape on my hat, though I disapprove the custom.

August 29th. My wife proposes a jaunt to Bushwick, Long-Island, for the recovery of her health.

30th. Busy in the morning among patients. At 11 I got a carriage, and took my wife and Jane to Cannon's. From that we cross'd over with A. Tiebout to Bushwick and settled them at Mr. Skilman's.

I met Dr. Bailey in the street.—He desired me to look out for a Physician for Belle-vue Hospital.—I proposed myself, and waited on the Health Commissioners, *Oothout & Abrams*. My proposal was accepted, and I engaged to enter on the business tomorrow at £3 a day.

I had some trouble in disposing of my patients.—Dr. Chickering's timidity surpris'd me. I could not prevail on him to attend two children labouring under the yellow fever.

31st. This morning early I call'd on Dr. Bailey, and breakfasted there. As soon as the boat was ready, I was row'd to Belle-vue.

About 20 patients were at the Hospital when I came.—4 died in the course of the day and 14 admitted.

September 2d. This morning I rode to town. Stopp'd in Eagle Street to see Dr. Chickering. He had been seized with the yellow-fever; but entertains hopes of a speedy recovery, and then he intends to practice without fear.

5th. Very busy. In the afternoon my Father came up and told me that John was sick.—Dr. Chickering is dead!

8th. A heavy blow! I saw my brother this morning, and entertain'd hopes of his recovery. In the afternoon I found him dead! I put him in the coffin, and, finding that the funeral would be delay'd 'till dark, I left my poor parents struggling with their fate, and return'd to Belle-vue.

Thus died an amiable brother, untainted with the vices of the world, and ill-suited to struggle with its trials.

10th. This morning I found my Father so ill that I could not think of remaining any longer at the Hospital.—I settled matters as well as I could for

the convenience of Mr. Douglas,\* and came down with Dr. Bailey in the boat.

11th. In the evening Alderman Furman sent for me, and inform'd me that I was appointed one of the Physicians for the poor.

I enter'd on my new office by visiting one patient in a damp cellar.

12th. "Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain." My Father died at half after 4 this morning.

I put him in the coffin with the assistance of my Mother who show'd more than heroic fortitude on this melancholy occasion.

In the afternoon I went to Bushwick, and met with as great a shock.—The sight of my wife, ghastly and emaciated, constantly coughing & spitting, struck me with horror. I return'd to my Mother's with a heavy heart.

13th. This morning I heard of the death of my wife! Those who knew her worth may imagine my feelings. At 1 O'clock I set off with Mr. & Mrs. V. Vleck and Polly for Bushwick. We first got on board a boat at the Fly-Market, but finding that we should be detain'd near the Ship-yards while taking

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\* His assistant at the Hospital.

in some boards I persuaded them to get out and walk to Corlear's-hook.\* There we got a boat, and soon cross'd over.—The Joiner, with his new-fashion'd coffin, detain'd us 'till towards evening. We follow'd the remains of my dear Ann to the grave, about a mile distant.

14th. Immers'd in business. I prevail'd on my Mother to remove to my house, and found her more lively.

I feel surpris'd at my own composure, and am rather disposed to impute it to despair than resignation.

18th. The Police engaged to pay for my horse and chair.†—I was in danger of making a very unsuccessful beginning with it. I left the chair at the door of one of my patients, and while I was busy in the house the horse had drawn it farther on and was just ready to crush the thigh of a child, when I

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\* Now the foot of Grand Street and the East River.

† This usage of the word chair is now uncommon ; but we find the following definition in Webster's Dictionary : " Chair, a vehicle for one person ; either a sedan borne upon poles, or a two-wheeled carriage, drawn by one horse, a gig." The more usual name *chaise* is derived from it through the French, by changing r into s, in accordance with a peculiar Parisian pronunciation (*chaise* for *chaire*).

snatch'd it from under, and was happy to find it unhurt.

21st. My Mother died at 10 this morning. "I never shall look upon her like again."

I resign'd the business of the Police, for I find that hurry, at this time, is death to me.

24th. Mrs. V. Vleck's case is one which shocks and surprises me. After lying in a moisture yesterday, with the appearance of recovery, she fell into a state of insensibility this morning—had the black vomit, and died at 4 in the after-noon.

Discourag'd with my business, but determin'd to hold out while the Epidemic continues.

October 12th. Polly\* died this morning at 3 O'clock. I had her remains interred in the Moravian Church-yard before 9. Ferguson and I follow'd.

13th. I slept at my Father-in-law's last night, and endeavour to spend as much time as possible with his family, now reduc'd to himself and Jane.—Helén is at Bethlehem.

22d. I have now an opportunity of leaving town, since my patients are reduced to 5.

At 11 I took my seat in the Boston Mail, and was soon join'd by Dr. Bayard.—A son of Mars was

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\* His sister-in-law.

another of our company—a personage of great consequence in his own opinion.

Din'd at Kingsbridge.—Supp'd at Marenner's at Rye where we shall expect a nap.

23d. I got a short nap last night, and was rous'd at 5 this morning.

About 8 arrived at Stamford, and breakfasted at the Post Office, waiting for the rain to cease.

I soon hurried on, and was joyfully receiv'd by my Aunt\* & Grandmother, and in a friendly manner by my Uncle, who is such an old young man that he never vibrates to the point of joy.

25th. I took leave of my kind relations, and stepp'd into the stage in the afternoon. Supp'd at Rye.

26th. Had a restless night.—Was rous'd about 4, and resum'd my seat. Breakfasted at Kingsbridge.—Went to the top of a hill near Fort Washington, and enjoy'd a fine prospect. About 12 arrived in town.

November 5th. I have a convenient room at V. Vleck's, and am to board with the family at the expense of providing part of the wood and winter provisions.

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\* Mrs. Davenport.

7th. The furniture, with a box of plate and about six hundred pounds in the Bank, was the whole property of which my Father was possess'd.

December 7th. I find that the advice is very good which recommends it to a person to sleep on a project. Last night I had almost concluded on undertaking the publication of the *Quadrupeds*;—but now, find there are other obstacles besides an expense of almost £300.—

I intended to confine myself to wood-engraving; but C. Tiebout wishes me to undertake a map, and I cannot resist the offer.—I began to draw a female anatomical figure from Duverney.—

15th. Aunt Carpenter requested me to stand Godfather to Buel's child.—I promised at once, but after seeing the form of baptism went back and recanted.

23d. Sunday. I infring'd upon my general rule and labour'd at the map all day—except in the afternoon, when I took a walk with C. and A. Tiebout to a short distance from town, & pitch'd a few flip-flaps in the snow.

24th. This morning A. T. and myself concluded on a journey to Stamford.—After hurrying, (contrary to my system) I got ready by 11, and we seat-

ed ourselves in the Boston Mail Stage.\*—The sleighing was very good—and we glided as far as Marenner's at Rye by 5 in the afternoon.—This was to be our resting place 'till morning, and a consultation was held to determine a method for spending the long evening.—I went with part of the company to the Church, and heard part of the service. When we return'd Marenner inform'd us that the *Crab shell* was come.—It was strung left-handed, so that none of us could handle it but the owner, and we were obliged to hear the old negro murder some tunes in cold blood.—In order that they might not all be heard in cold blood a dance was propos'd, in which Roosevelt and the pistol Englishman acquitted themselves very well. We two old fellows were obliged to fall in and shuffle.

25th. The dancing, or the cider, or some other cause, prevented my sleeping more than an hour or so, last night. I was talking and whistling, between

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\* The stages running between Boston and New York carried the mails, and left here every Wednesday and Friday. The time occupied in reaching New Haven alone was twenty-six hours, and Hartford, forty-two hours; in a word, the whole trip was performed, from No. 50 Cortlandt Street to Boston city, in seventy-seven hours. Doubtless the route had the aspect of a wilderness, and the roads, in consequence, were rough and hilly.



sleeping and waking, so that my fellow lodgers could not have rested much better.

We resumed our seats about 5 this morning, and arrived early in Stamford. Went into the kitchen immediately, and found my Grand-mother and Phyllis making & baking pies.—My Aunt and Mr. Davenport were soon rous'd, and gave us a hearty welcome—After breakfast we took a walk to the landing, but could find no boat ready to sail.

Din'd, in company with several, at my Aunt's, and at 3 took leave of them and station'd ourselves at the Post-Office to wait for the stage. The stage came along, but, alas, there was no room for us.—Determin'd to get home by some means, we set off on foot, and at 5 reach'd Horse-neck. At a tavern, where we stopp'd for a drink, we heard of a boat ready to sail in the morning.—This was joyful news & we ate a hearty supper on the strength of it.—We were shown the head of the lane which led to the place, Indian harbour, and, after following it near two miles, found the sloop taking in her loading. The cabin was fill'd with men and women, or rather imitations of men & women—for their conversation was of the lowest kind. We found out a berth, and hope to get a little sleep.—

26th. I had an excellent nap notwithstanding the

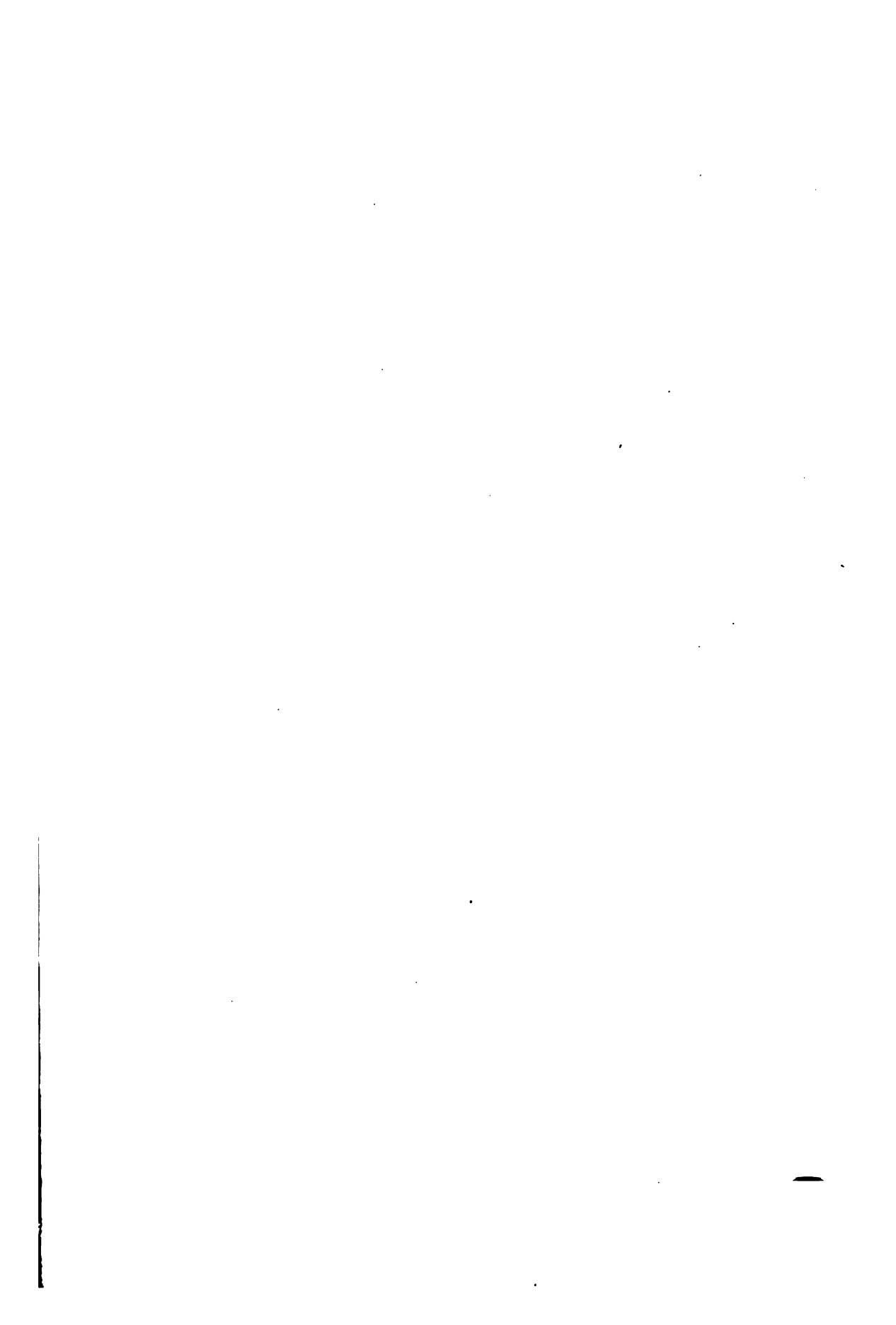
noise in the cabin and the music of half a dozen game cocks stowed in the lockers.—At day-light we found ourselves under way in the sound—with a gentle breeze and the weather overcast. Mess'd with the boatmen, and made ourselves as contented as possible 'till 4 in the after-noon, when we landed once more in our beloved old city.

31st. Engraving wooden cuts. Spent part of the evening at R. Davis's, and saw'd away on the Violin for him.—

As my head is not very fertile at present I can make but few remarks on this past year.

A tremendous scene have I witnessed,—but yet I have reason to thank the great Author of my existence, and am still convinced that “Whatever is, is right.” I make no petition for the ensuing year.









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